

STORIES OF THE ARMY AND NAVY

MILITARY

SEPTEMBER
No. 42

COMICS

10¢

BLACKHAWK

runs afoul of a
Jap MATA HARI!





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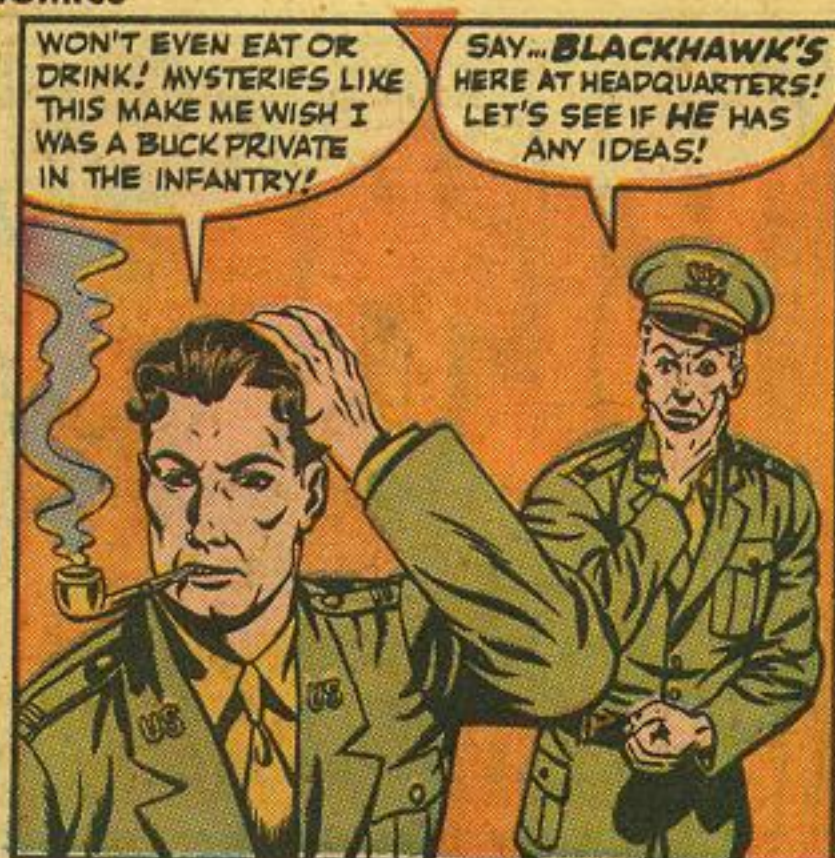
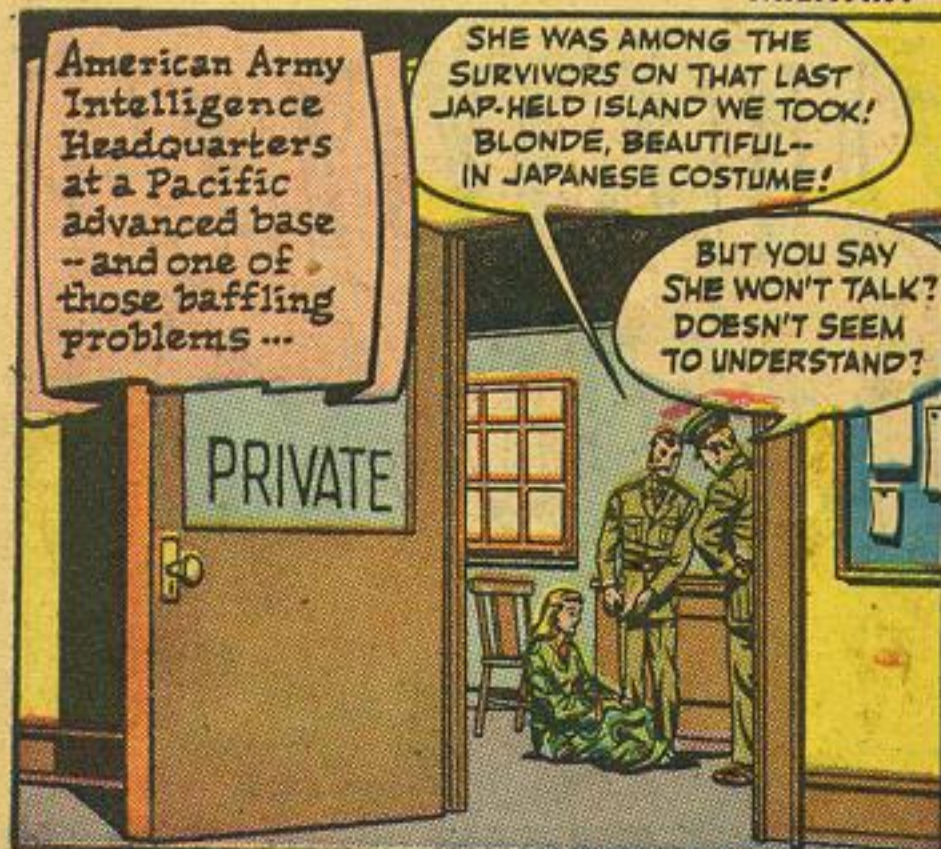


BLACKHAWK

When we knock 'em
over the fence, we
can ALL go home!...

Again the *Blackhawks*
slug themselves out of a
grim trap...and the
enemy winds up with
the score nine to
nothing against.....







MILITARY COMICS



GOOT!
VE GO
NOW!

MERCI BEAUCOUP
SO CHARMANT,
MA'M'SELLE,
FOR HELPING—

WAIT!



I'LL GO ALONE FIRST TO
SCOUT THE TARGET!
GOLDA WILL COME
TO SHOW ME!

SHUCKS,
BLACKHAWK!



YOU THINK
IT'S SAFE TO
DO THIS,
BLACKHAWK?

NO! BUT IT WOULD
BE WORSE TO GO IN
A BODY WITHOUT
KNOWING THE
WHOLE SETUP!
COME ON, GOLDA!

MA FOI! BLACKHAWK
WANTS ZE LADY FOR
HEEMSELF, NO? HE
TAKE HER FROM US!

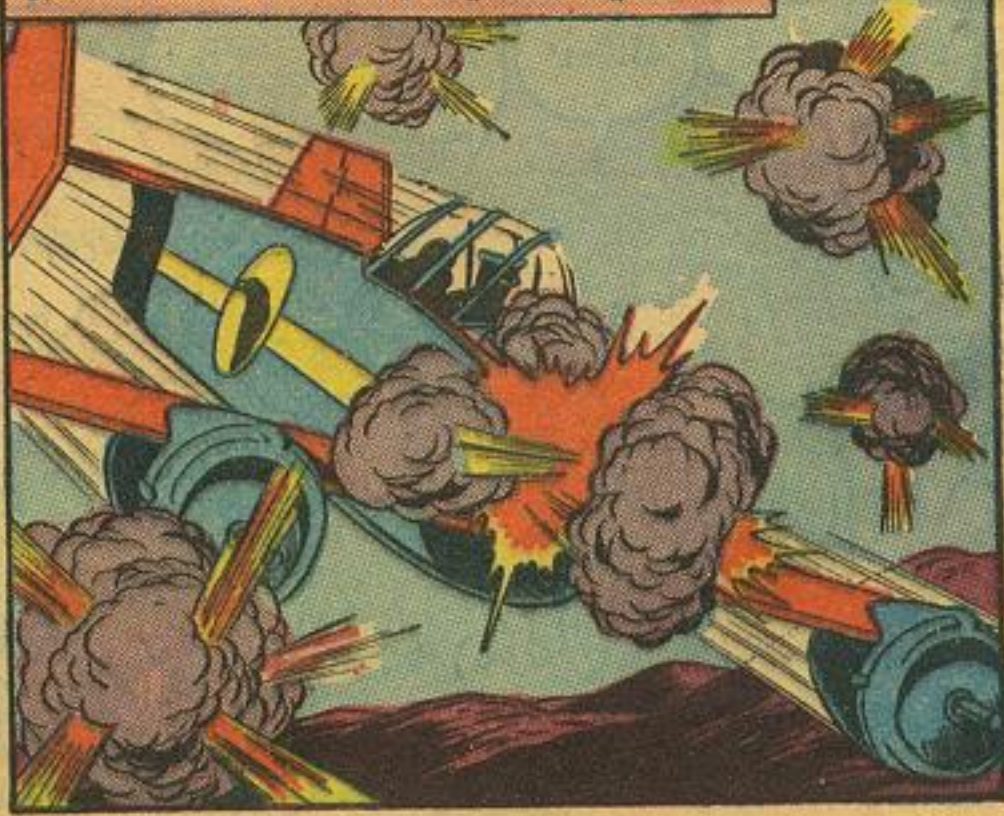
MAYBE YAH, ANDRE,
MAYBE NO! BLACKHAWK
CAN BE PURTY SMART
FALLER IN LOVE OR WAR
OR YUST ANYTHING!



SEE THE
ARMORIES,
BLACK-
HAWK?

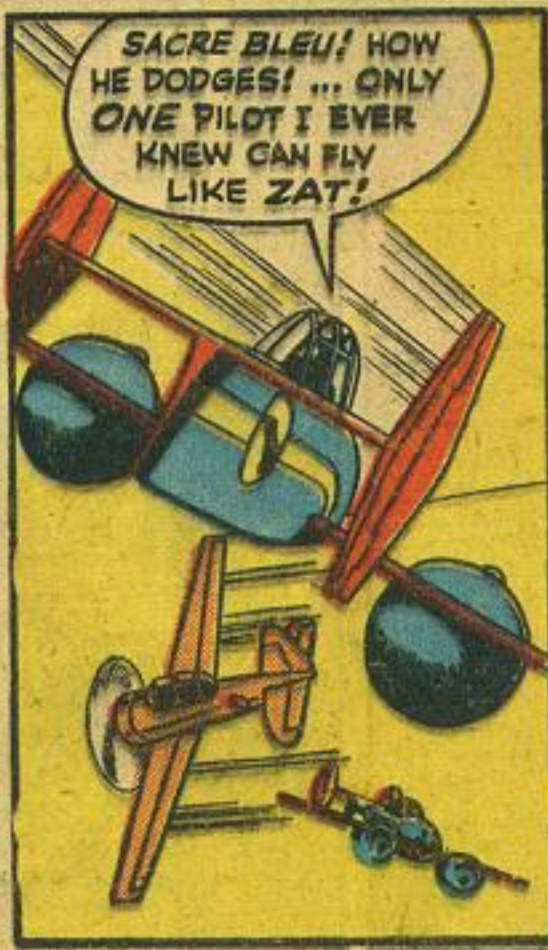
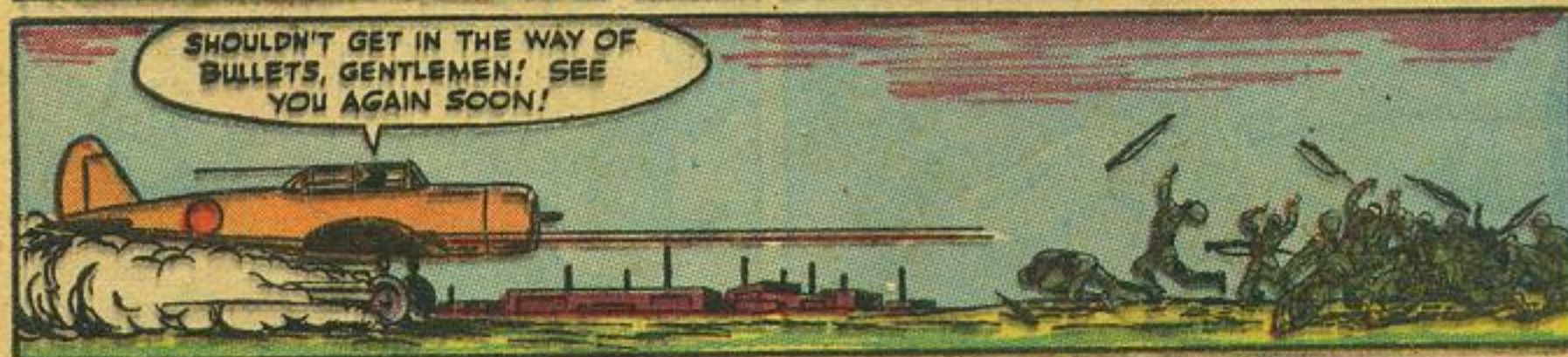
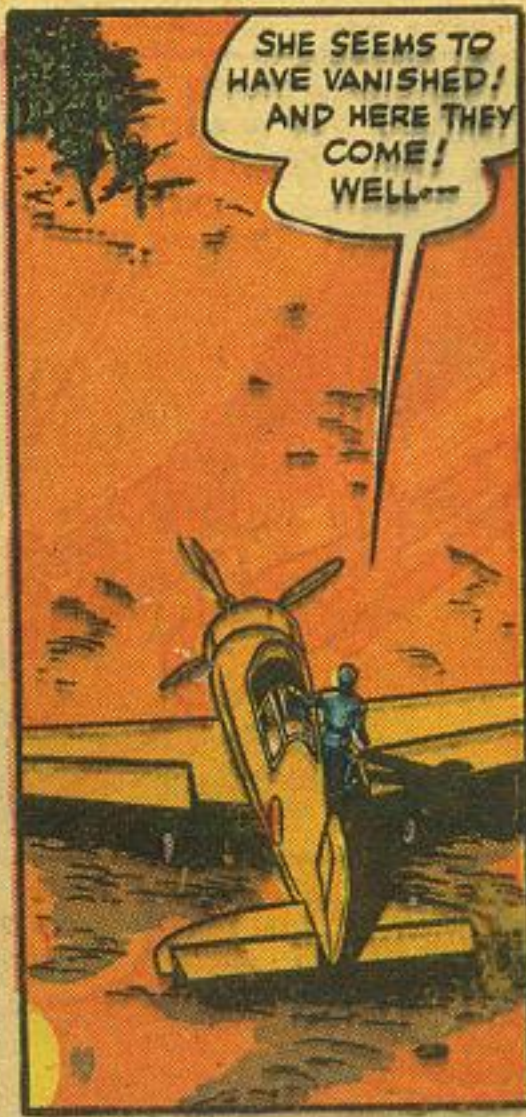
I'LL DROP
LOWER
AND MAKE
SURE!

But as the plane noses earthward,
a masked battery opens up!

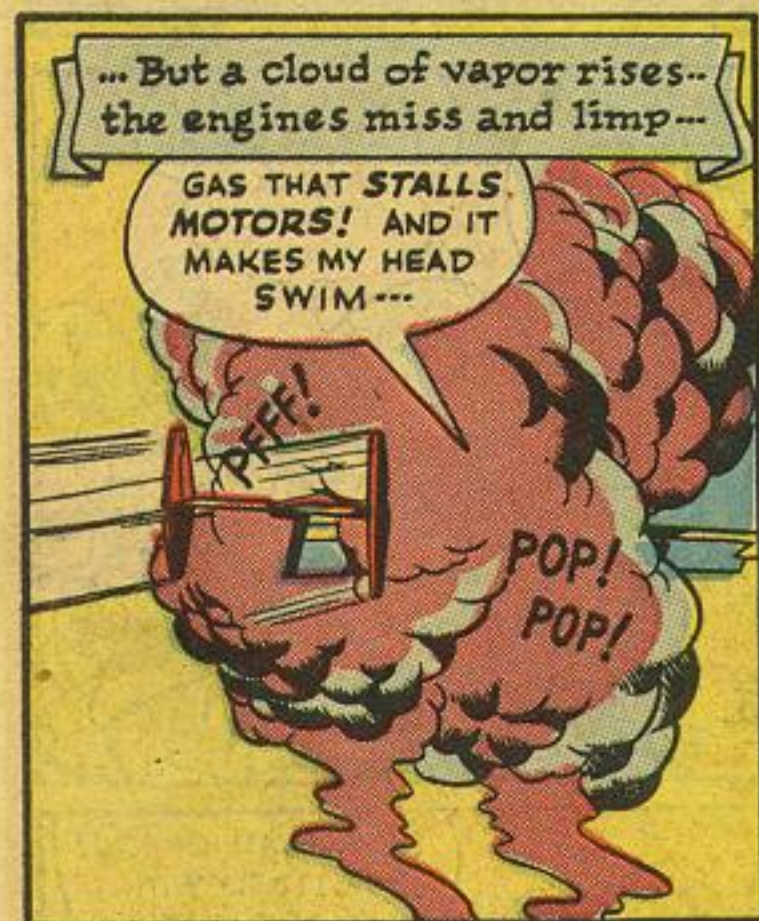
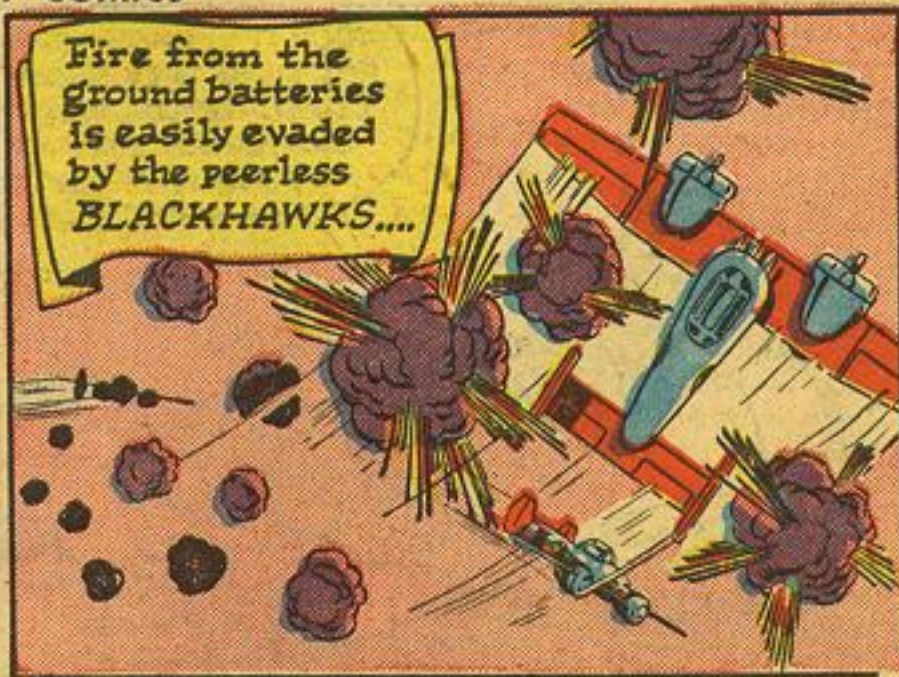
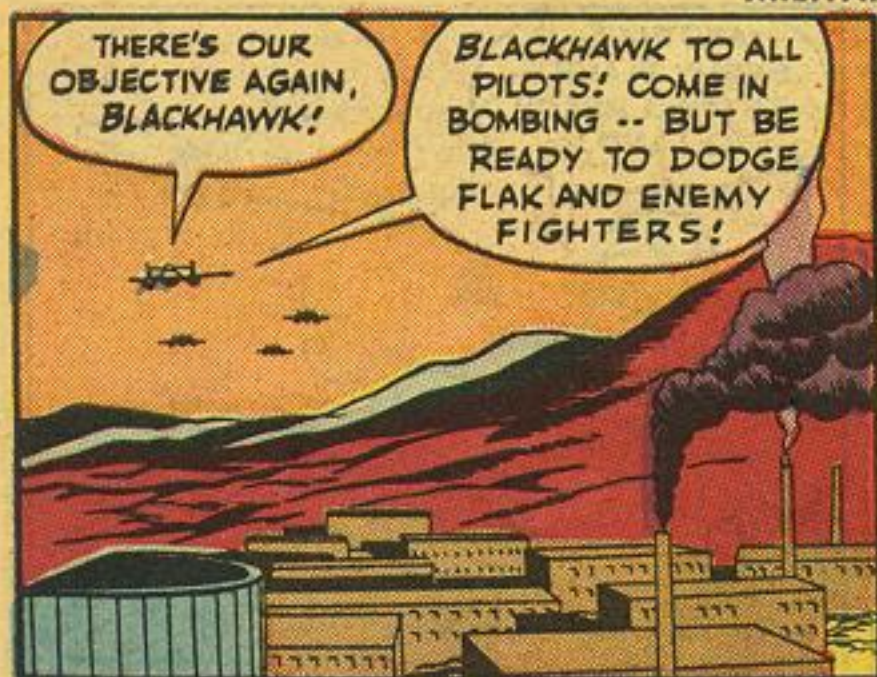




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IN FACT, WE ARE SENDING A MESSAGE TO YOUR ALLIED HEADQUARTERS, OFFERING TO EXCHANGE YOU ---

FOR SOME PRISONERS WE TOOK, EH?



OH, NOTHING SO CHEAP! IF WE LET YOU *BLACKHAWKS* GO, AMERICANS MUST EVACUATE KORU ISLANDS!

WE TOOK BACK THAT GROUND BY FIGHTING AND DYING! I WON'T ACCEPT FREEDOM ON THAT BASIS!



OF COURSE, IF AMERICANS REFUSE, YOU AND YOUR FRIENDS DIE BY TORTURE -- BEFORE BIG CROWD OF SPECTATORS!



NOW -- HOW CAN I GET OUT OF THIS? HOW ABOUT THE OTHERS -- HOW ---

BLACKHAWK! IS THAT YOU ON THE OTHER SIDE OF THIS WALL?



HELLO, CHUCK! WHERE ARE YOU?

WE'RE ALL IN THE BIG DUNGEON NEXT TO YOU! I GUESS WE DON'T RATE ENOUGH TO HAVE SEPARATE ROOMS IN THIS LOUSY HOTEL!



THE BRICKS LOOK WEAK HERE -- WE'VE PRIED AT THEM A LITTLE --

STAND CLEAR! I'M KICKING A WAY THROUGH!



NOW TO GET YOU ALL FREE!

EET EES IMPOSSIBLE! ZE STRONGEST MAN COULD NOT TEAR LOOSE ONE OF ZESE CHAINS!

MAYBE NOT - BUT
THREE STRONG MEN
MAY! LOOK, IT'S
STARTING!



One
after
another,
the
**BLACK-
HAWKS**
combine
to free
each
other...

HURRY! WE'VE GOT THINGS
TO DO -- AND LOTS OF
JAPS TO DO THEM
TO!



NOW, BACK IN MY CELL!
ALL HEAVE AGAINST
THAT BARRED DOOR!



ESCAPE,
YOU? I
SHOOT---



GOOD! THAT'LL KEEP
IT FROM CLANGING
TOO HARD ON
THE FLOOR!



NICEE SHARPEE
BAYONET! CHLOP-CHLOP
TRIM JAPANESE WHISKER
OFF AT NECKLINE!

WE'LL GET MORE
WEAPONS AT THE
GUARDROOM!
COME ON!





The guardroom is taken by surprise!

NO-- YOU BAN DON'T!

LET NONE ESCAPE!

LOOK, BLACKHAWK! THE BUILDINGS WHERE THEY KEEP THAT SECRET GAS -- LIKEWISE OUR PLANES!

WE MUST GET THERE BUT HOW, IN BROAD DAYLIGHT, ACROSS OPEN GROUND?

YOU SAY ALLIES REFUSE TO ANSWER DEMAND? WE GET BLACKHAWK TO MAKE DIRECT APPEAL!

YOU-- FREE---

RIGHT, GENERAL! AND YOU'RE OUR PRISONER!



WHERE YOU TAKE US?

IT'S YOU THAT'LL TAKE US -- TO THOSE GAS STORAGE HOUSES! ORDER ANYONE OUT OF OUR WAY! ANY EFFORT TO RESCUE YOU WILL SEE YOU SHOT DEAD!

OUT OF WAY, ALL SOLDIERS! MAKE NO EFFORT AGAINST THESE MEN!









♪ When they think they hold us fast--
We will smite them with our blast--
We're Blackhawks!



CHOO CHOO

CHOO CHOO LA MOE,
WE ACCUSE YOU OF
STEALING A ROPE!

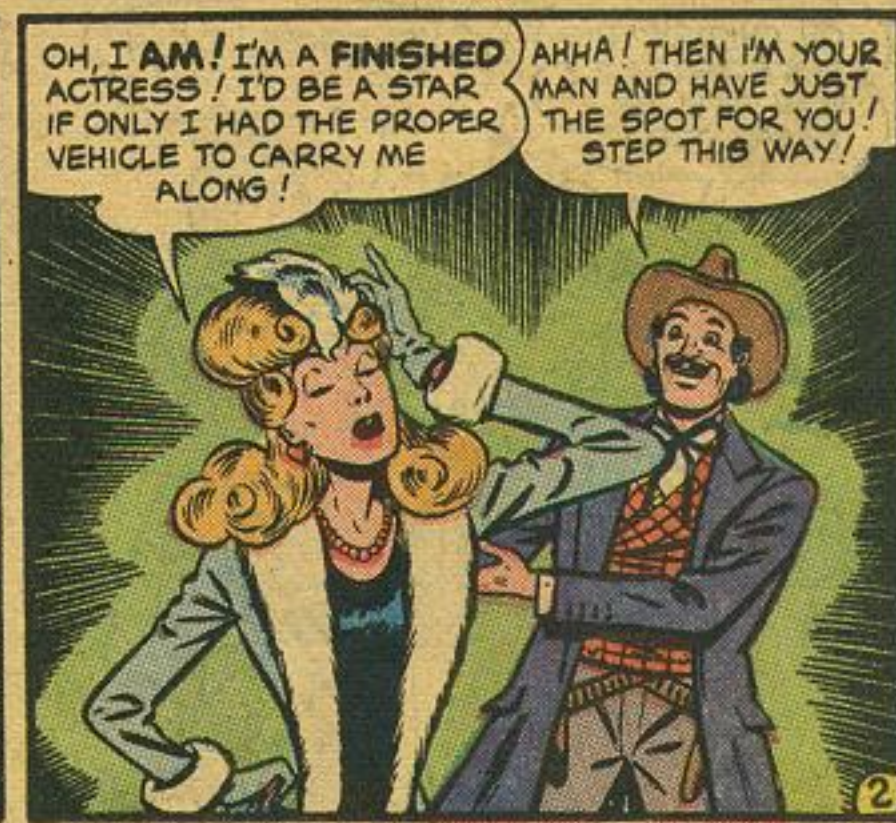
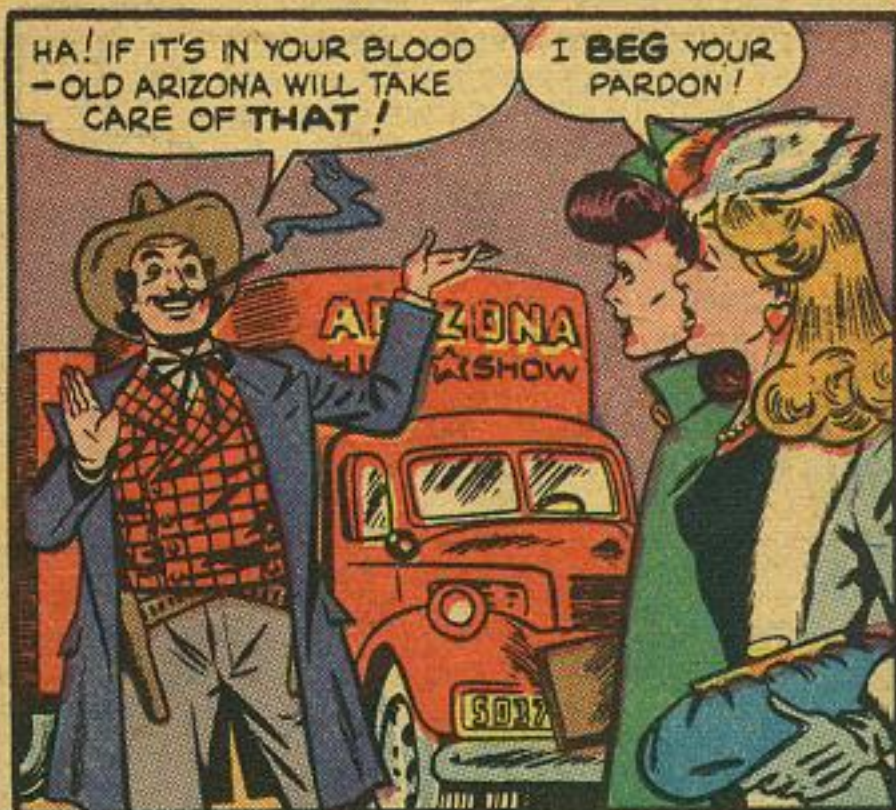
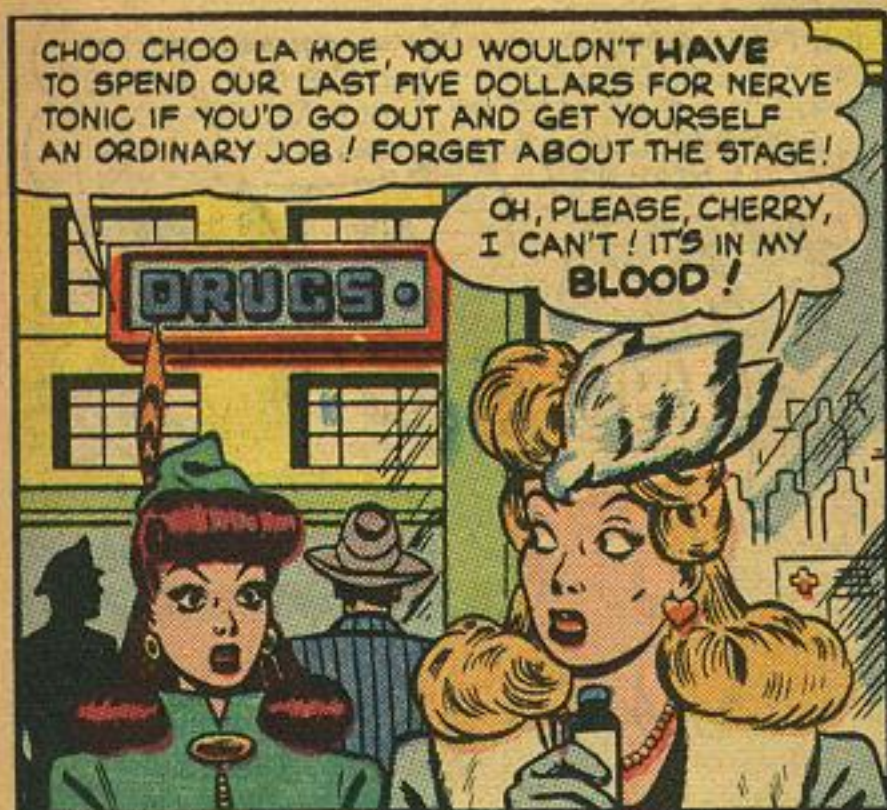
THAT IS THE CORNIEST
BIT OF ACTING I'VE SEEN
IN A LONG TIME!

BUT I AM INNOCENT I TELL YOU! I FOUND
A HORSE AND WHEN I GOT HOME I NOTICED
A ROPE WAS TIED TO HIM!

THEN WE ACCUSE
YOU OF STEALING
A HORSE!

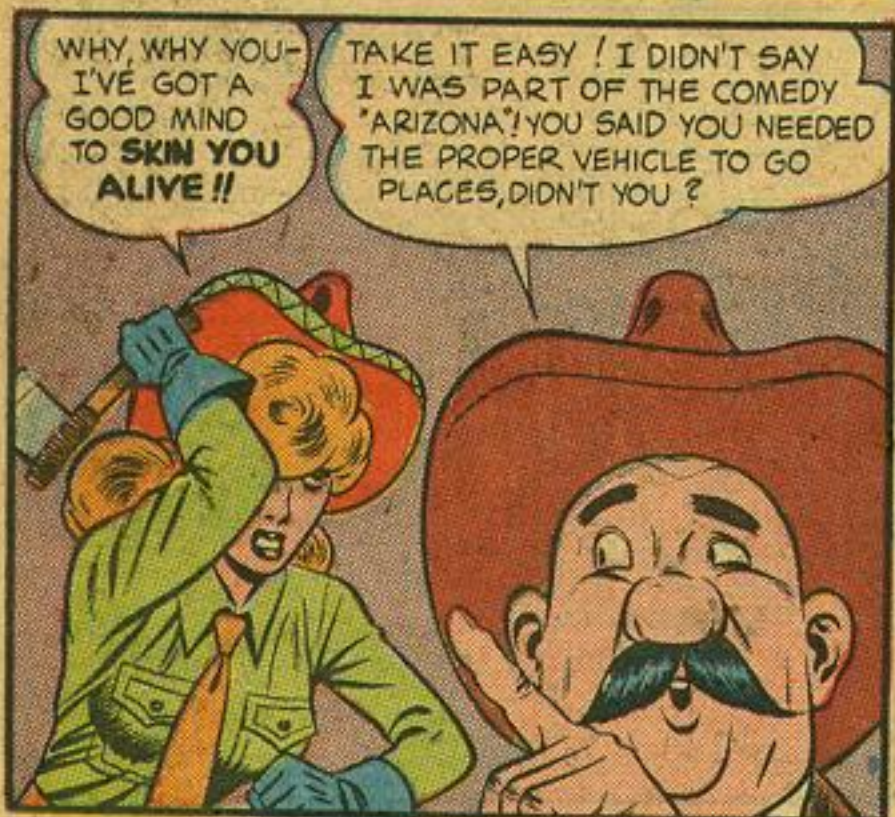
ARIZONA
SAGA
OF THE
WIDE OPEN SPACES

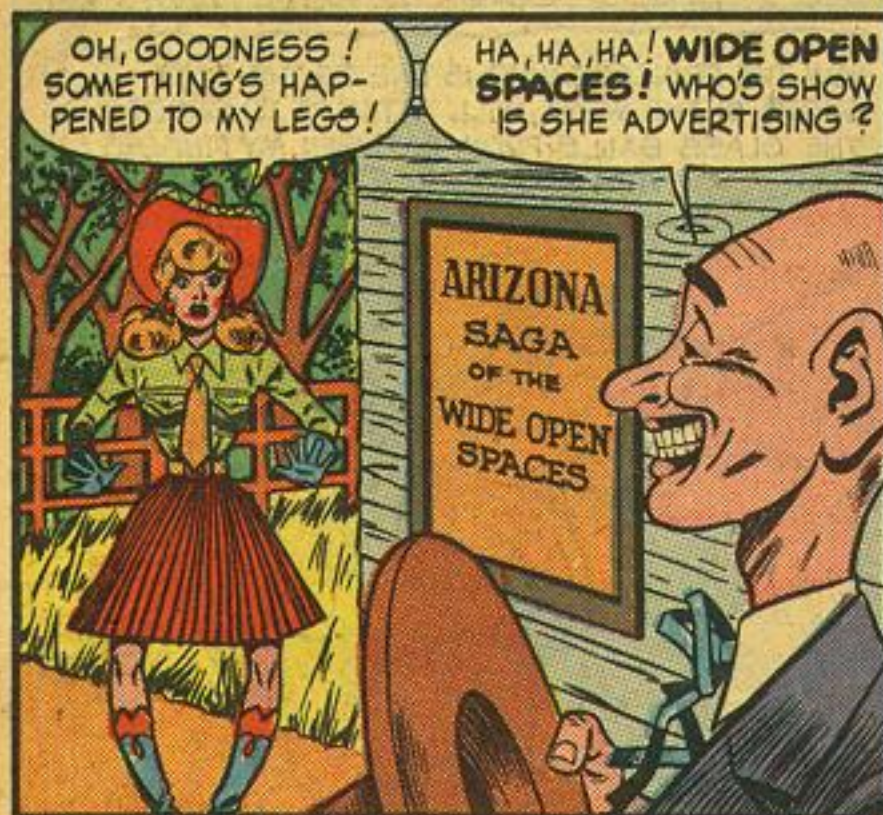
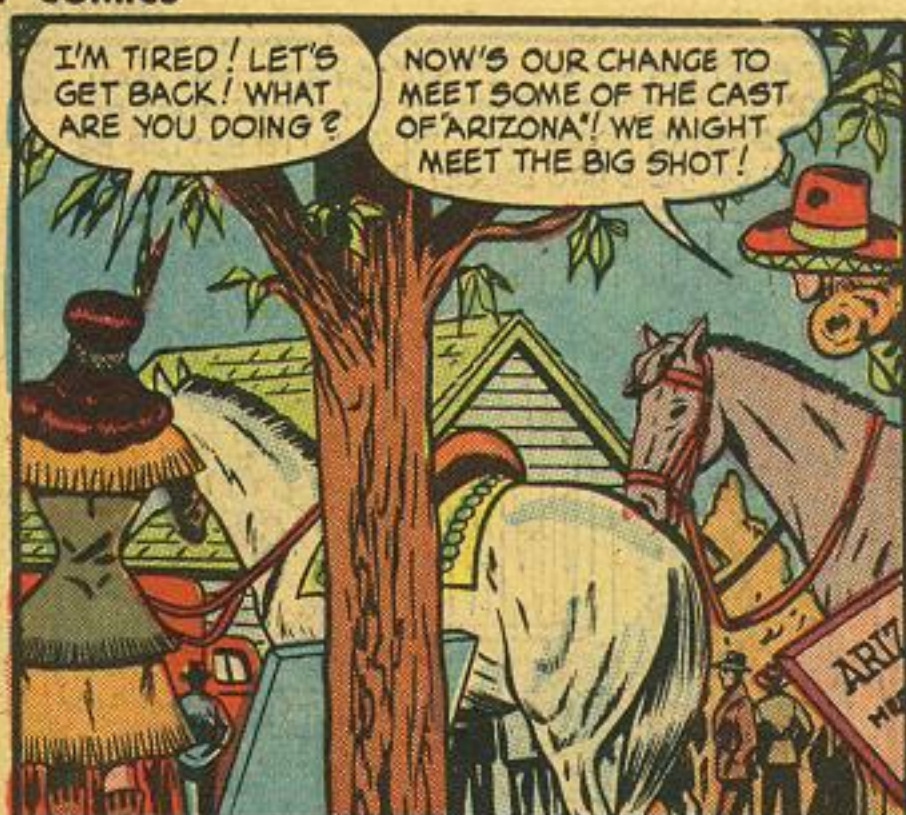




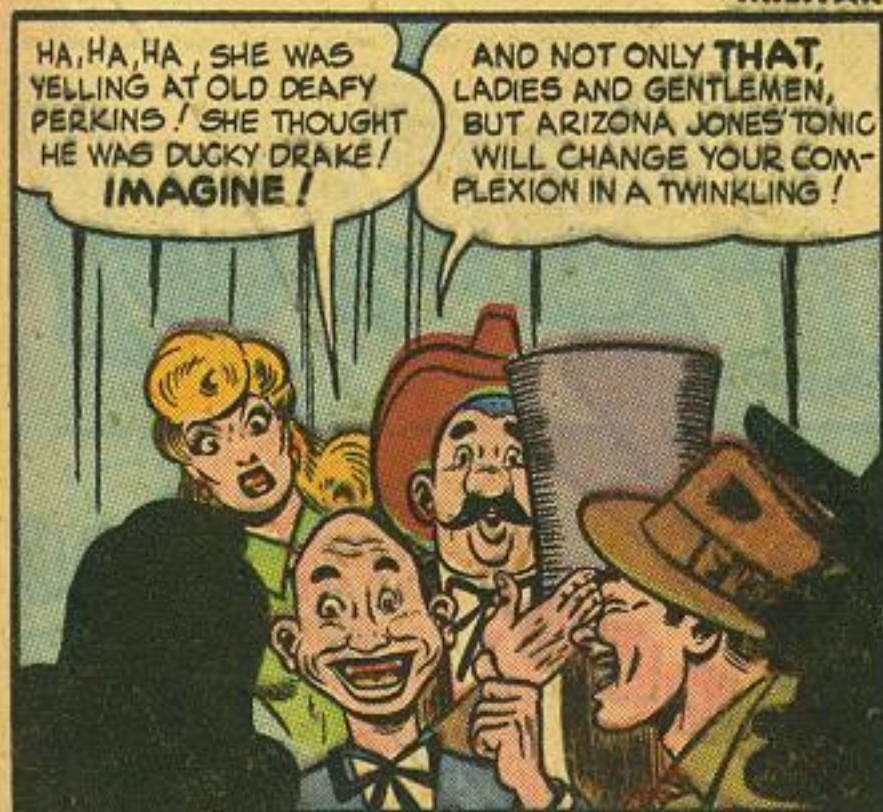




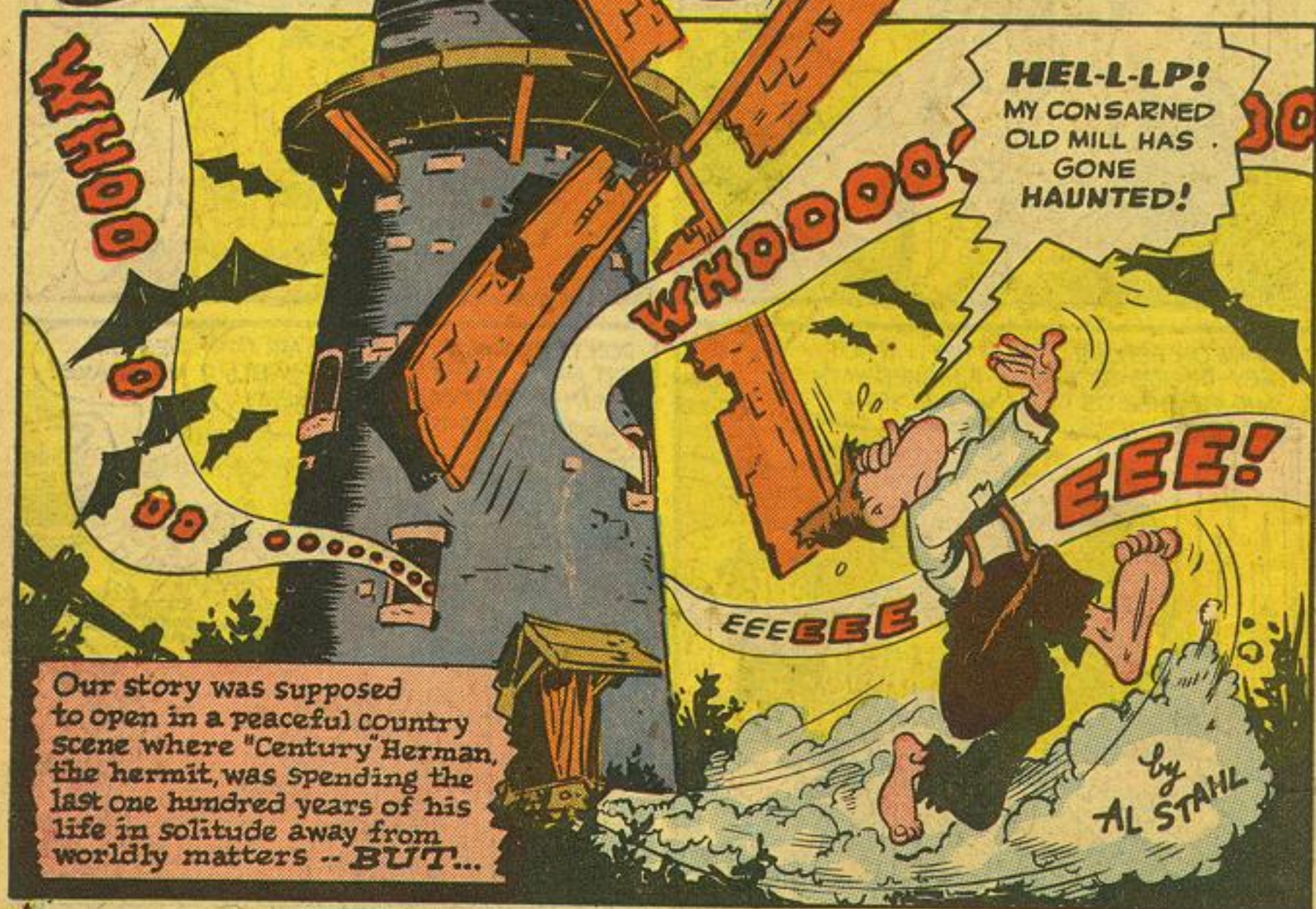








Death Patrol



...Naturally... the townfolk were deeply concerned about Herman's behavior -- that is -- after they learned that he WAS a HERMIT and WAS in TROUBLE...

WALL! TAN MY SUN-TAN!... IF IT AIN'T HERMAN!

TSK! TSK! AFTER ALL THESE YEARS!

YO' ALL GOT SOME CRUST, ASKIN' FER POLICE PROTECTION! YO' AIN'T PAID TAXES FER YEARS! HMPFF!

BUT, SHERIFF, YER HONOR... I---

ACCORDIN' TO TOWN RULIN', WE CAN'T HANDLE YER CASE TILL YOU PAY BACK TAXES! THIS IS A MATTER FOR DEATH PATROL... TH' INTERNATIONAL SUPER-ASSISTANTS!

DEATH PATROL? NE'R HEARD O' THEM!

Soon our heroes arrive...

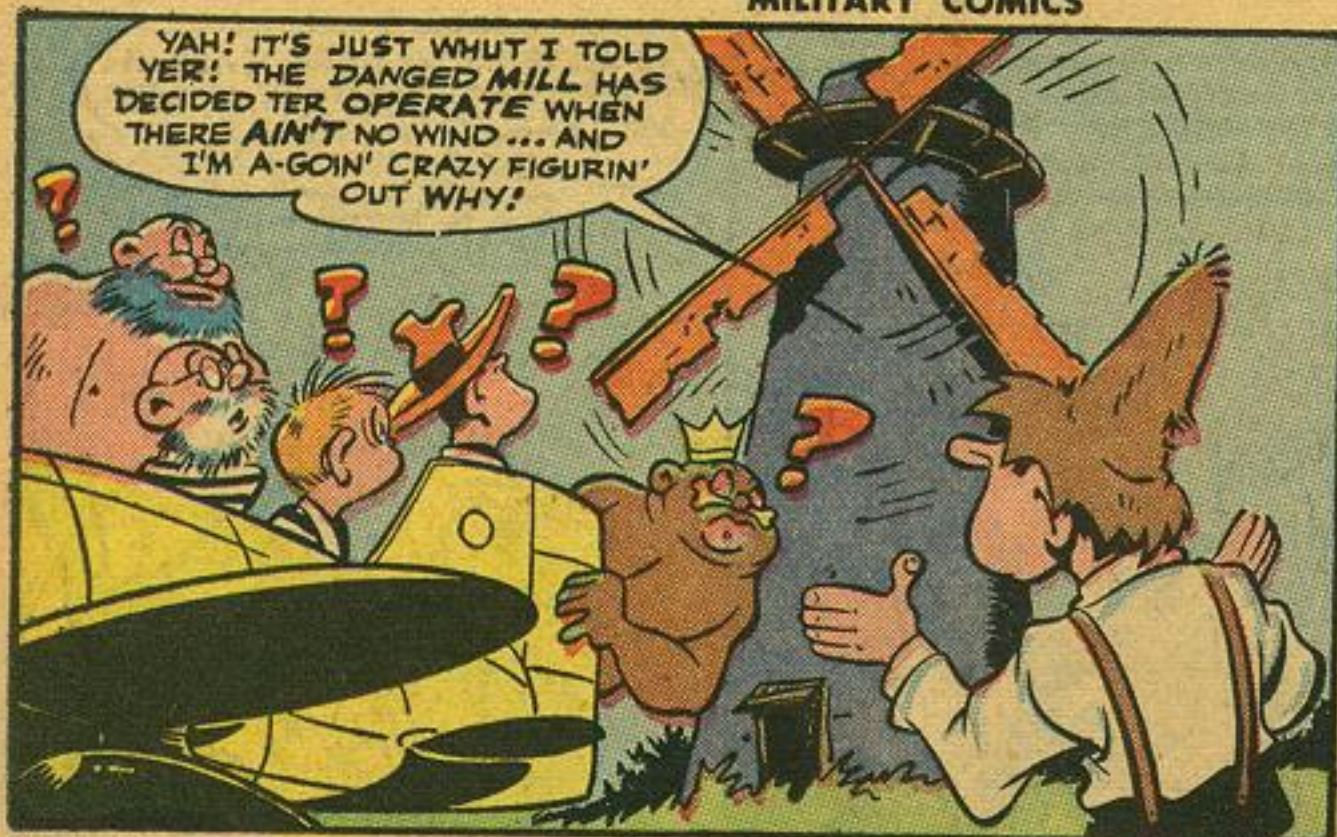
THERE SHE BE, MEN... HERMAN'S HAUNTED ABODE! WHAT A CASE!...

BE GORY, BE GONE!... WHAT AIR THEM NEW FANGLED FLYING BUZZ BOMBS GOT TER DO WITH MAH HAUNTED MILL?

MY! MY! IS THIS TH' BEST CIVILIZED FOLK KIN DO IN A HUNDRED YEARS? STICK WINGS ON AN OLD BARREL?

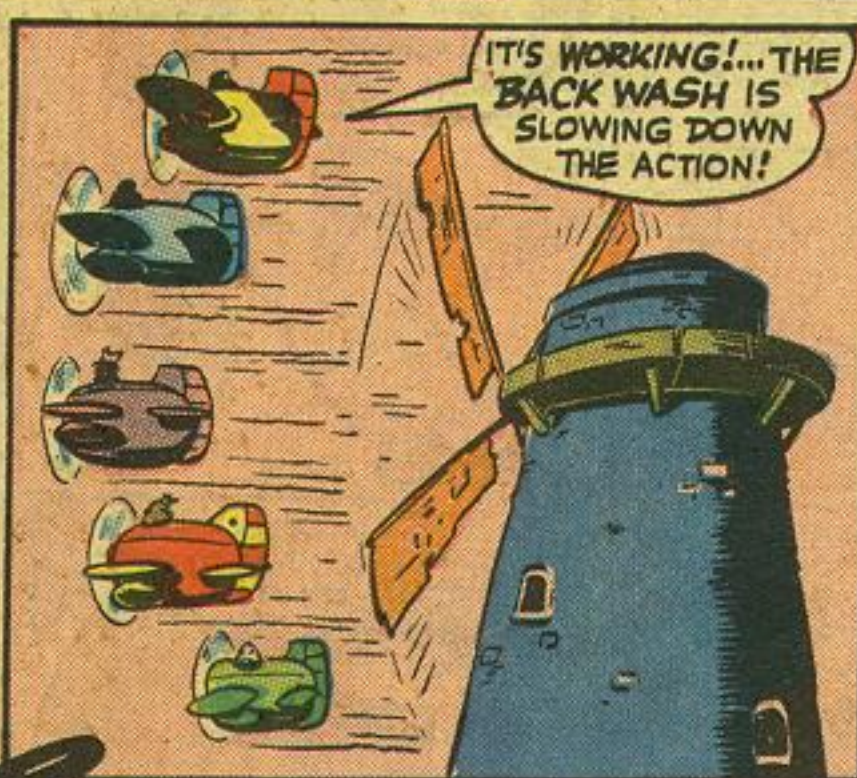
TAKE IT EASY, "HERM," OLD BOY! WE'RE GONNA FIND YOUR SPOOK FOR YOU!

SURE!



SEEMS TO ME THAT A SIMPLE EXAMINATION WOULD SET HERMAN AT EASE!





JOHNNY DOUGHBOY

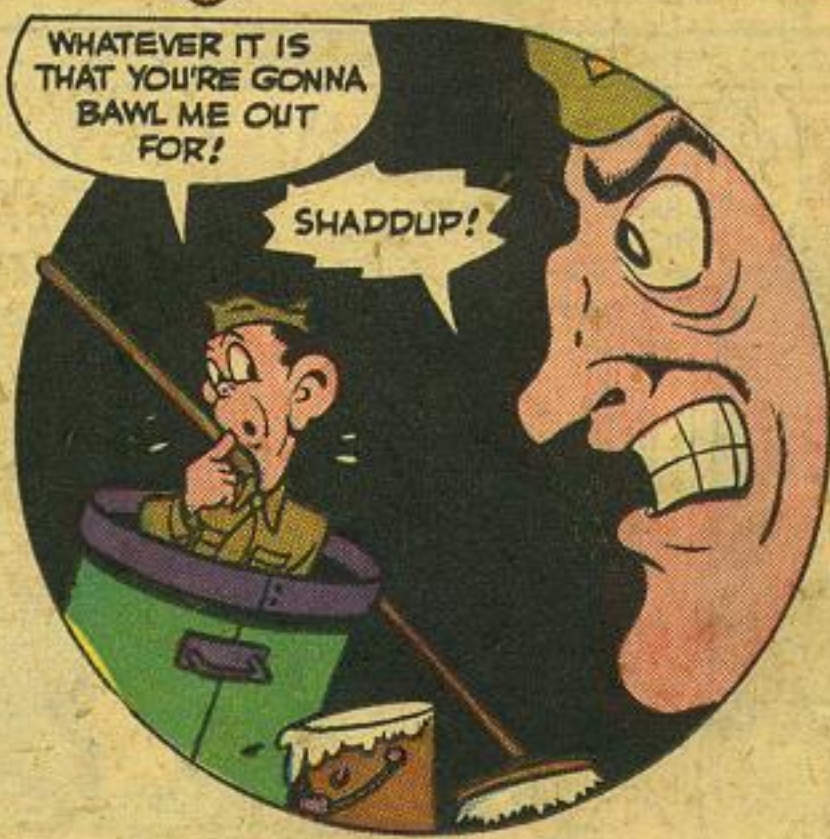
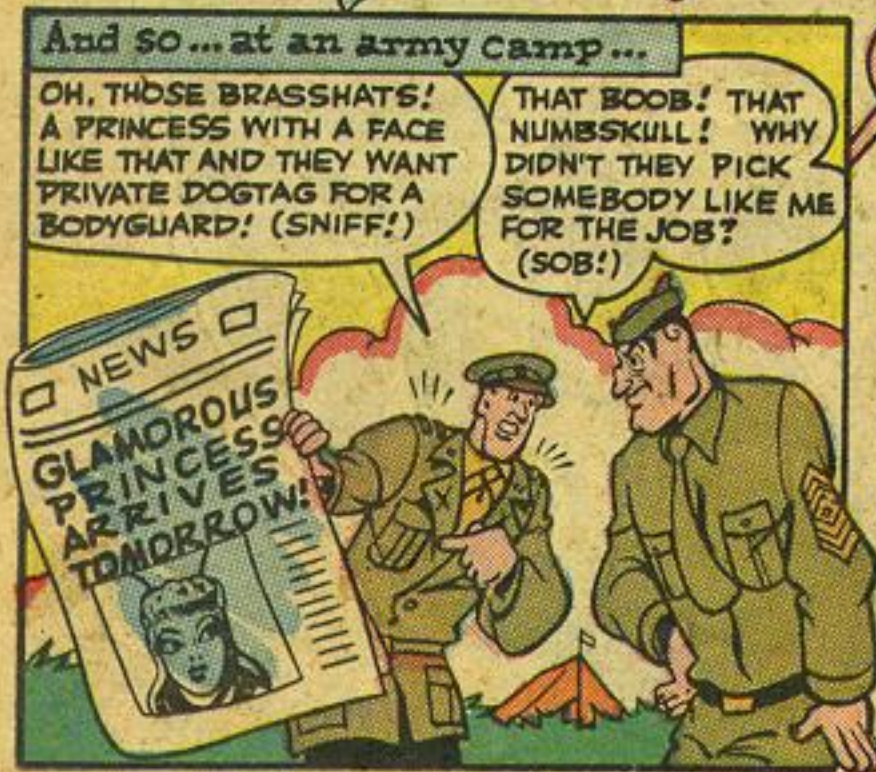


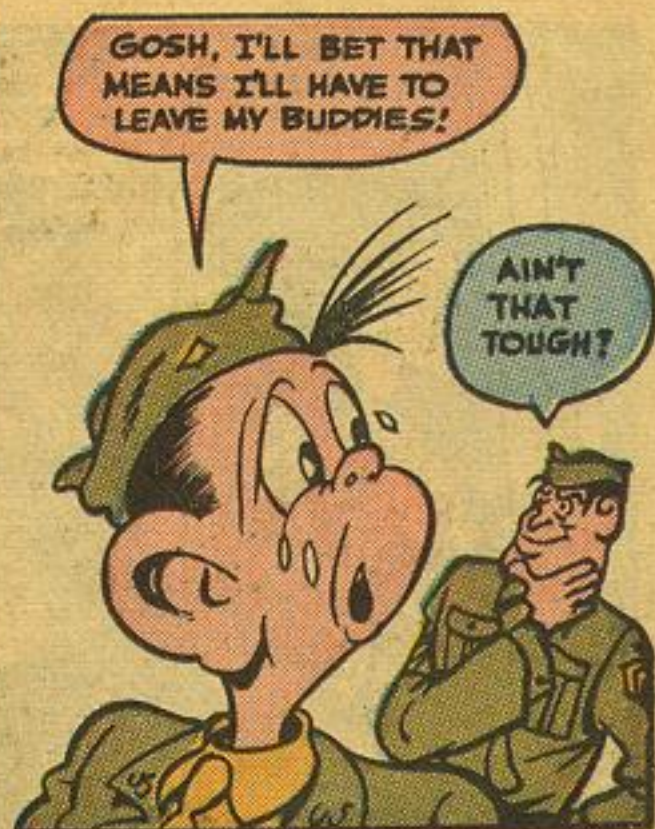
Private DOGTAG



by AL
STAHL
GINGER.







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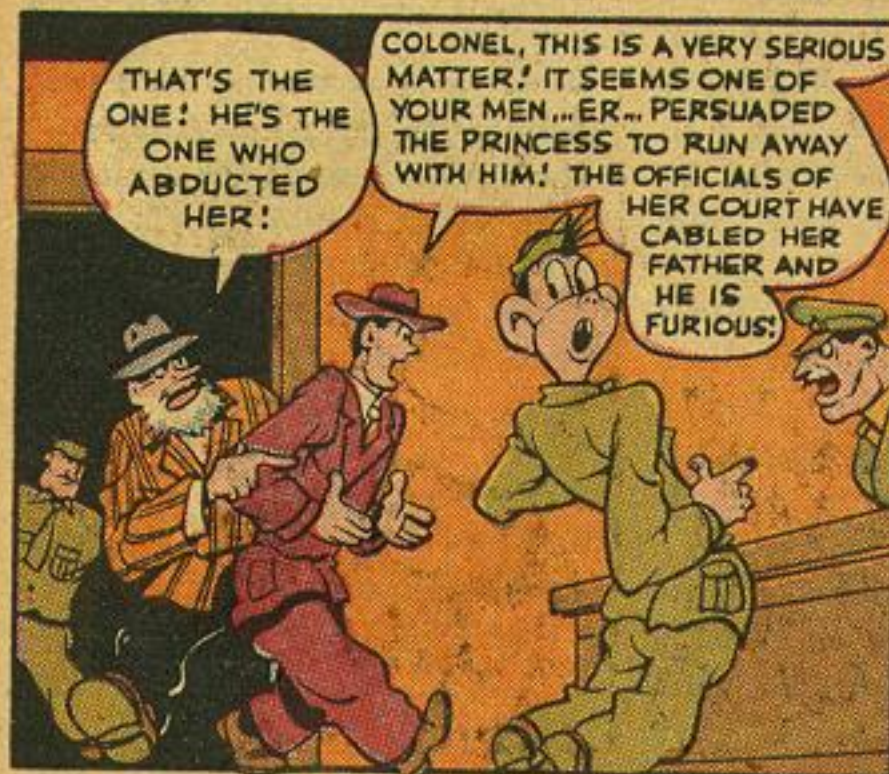


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The HERO of ICELAND

GHOSTS paraded in spectral silence across the dun, coned terrain. Chill mists rose into the grayish atmosphere, spiraling upward to be caught by the gusts of freezing wind that howled intermittently over the Icelandic crater land.

Einar the Simple sat hunched in the lee of an overhanging rock and watched the craters smoke and listened to the wind. A wan smile spread over his face, and he chuckled softly. Ever since he could remember, he had watched his beloved craters and listened to the wind he worshiped. These were his world, and nothing beyond interested him.

A great, bloated raven, overfed from dining on some carcass, winged down to sit on a crag of lava. It clucked throatily and strutted up and down, lowering first one wing, then the other.

Einar said, "Ho, Gudjur, come here!"

The raven lifted its sleek head and cast a speculative eye in the direction of Einar's rock. Then it advanced carefully and stood looking at Einar with its head turned to one side.

"Black One, what do you want today—this?" Einar held out a dried smelt. The raven clucked, as Einar tossed the fish to the ground!

Gudjur gobbled up the morsel, and Einar flung another to him.

"There, that must be all today," said the Iclander. "Away with you now, and come back tomorrow."

The raven spread wings and

lifted into the frosty air with a shrill croaking, circled once, and vanished into the mists.

Einar built a small fire farther back in his cave and hung a copper kettle over the flames. He would have tea and smoked fish, and maybe a bit of seal blubber to chew afterwards. Einar's wants were few. From childhood, when his parents had been killed in a great landslide, Einar had depended solely upon his own prowess to gain sustenance. A great sinewy fellow, strong as a full-grown caribou, he was a bit weak in the head, as those who knew him would tell you.

"Simple, that's what Einar is," they'd say, tapping their heads significantly. "But a crafty lad none the less. Him and his black raven and his smoke craters."

His dinner eaten, and the fire banked, Einar crawled under a mound of skins and stuffed his mouth full of blubber. He'd drowse and chew, and mayhap dream of ancient days when the Icelanders were conquerors who went far across the boiling seas in great galleys and took lands by the might of their weapons.

Great days, those! But now—how soft and puny had become his race, which fought only the angry winters and lived by their wits, not the sword.

Einar was awakened by a loud booming noise. He lay for a moment only half awake while the booming grew louder. Then he heard Gudjur the raven croaking in the outer opening of his cave. He threw the covers back and sat up.

"Ho, black one!" he said. The bird stalked in and stood looking at him wisely.

"What is it, old one? What is the noise?"

Croak. Croak. The raven looked wiser still and then walked out of the cave, as if to say, "Come out and see."

Einar got into his stiff furs and went outside. The booming was louder, and now he could hear men yelling. The mists were too thick to see much, but Einar knew that something was happening down on the sea-shore. Was it some enemy landing? Who would attack Iceland? Vaguely, Einar seemed to recall hearing someone in the town say that there was war going on somewhere in the world. But it was in a world far away from Iceland.

Some men came running down toward Einar's cave. "Hey, you!" one of them called, "come on, the Germans are landing!"

Einar had heard of them. They were the Saxons, but their world was far away, across the great sea. Had they come in their war galleys? What did they want?

Einar didn't have much time for speculation. The men running toward the shore had grown in number until now a steady stream of them passed Einar's cave entrance. He became part of the stream, pushed along by the ever-growing horde. Some of them held forks, some clubs, a few guns.

Einar grabbed up a seal harpoon. As they neared the ocean, they could hear shooting, and

MILITARY COMICS

now bullets came whining overhead. Several of the men fell, groaning, and died. Einar felt a violent tug at the shoulder of his fur parka, and knew that a bullet had nicked him.

Einar knew they were far outnumbered! What was he to do?

Gudjur flew over Einar screaming and croaking. It landed several feet beyond where Einar had come to a halt. A volcanic cone bubbled and fumed a few feet away. It was then that Einar got his brilliant idea.

"Come, old one!" he shouted, and began running fast toward his cave. Inside, he dug into some furs and came up with a large leather bag. Gudjur hopped excitedly about the cave entrance, croaking and dragging his wings.

"You, Gudjur," shouted Einar. "Up with you, or you'll be getting a bullet in your black belly!"

The raven soared into the air, high up, out of the mists. He kept a bright eye cocked down at his human companion, as if to watch out for him.

Einar ran to the first of the smoldering volcanoes, the cones of which protruded two or three feet above the surface of the lava soil. Into the first one the Icelanders dumped a handful of black powder. Then at each one he halted and performed the same thing. When fifty or more were thus treated, Einar ran again to the cave and lit a torch of bark.

The enemy was advancing up the beach, and was now not two hundred yards from the volcanic cones. They were barely visible in the mists. They kept up a desultory rifle fire, just to warn the Icelanders that they meant business. There were at least three hundred of them,

and they advanced in a close-packed body.

When they were marching through the cone field, one of the tiny volcanoes blew up with a loud roar, and a dozen or more of the enemy fell, screaming, their uniforms blazing, pieces of lava imbedded in their flesh.

One after another the volcanoes blew up—the entire field!

Einar raced toward the village, together with several other Icelanders. They were met half way by a squad of marching Americans—soldiers, who had arrived recently in the far northern land.

"What goes on?" yelled a sergeant.

Icelandic rippled and crackled around the doughboys' ears. The sergeant called an interpreter. "What the dickens are they yapping about?" he demanded.

"They say there is a bunch of Germans landed on the beach, and for us to hurry down there."

The sergeant shook his rifle. "Well, what's holdin' us? Get goin', you guys!"

But when the soldiers and Icelanders reached the cone field, they were met by a strange sight. Dead and dying

Germans lay everywhere, their uniforms smoking.

"Say," cried the sergeant, "what happened here? Them Jerries are in a bad way."

One of the Icelanders, who knew a little English, told the story of Einar and his quick work at blowing up the volcanoes. They found Einar in his cave, crying to himself.

"Hey, you," called the sergeant, "come on out. You're a hero! Them Heinies would have wiped us out if you hadn't stopped 'em. Go get him, fellows!"

Thus Einar the Simple became a hero, and all Iceland came to know of his feat.

But Einar was not happy about the thing. He had loved those volcanoes, and now they were blown to bits by gun powder poured into them by himself. And of Gudjur there was no sign. Either the raven had been killed, or had flown away because he too was unhappy about his beloved volcanoes.

But one thing sure, if you go to Iceland, you will hear, at any get-together of an evening, the tale of Einar the Simple, plentifully sprinkled with exaggeration!

COUNT 'EM!
MILITARY COMICS *gives you*
56 INSIDE PAGES
for **10¢**

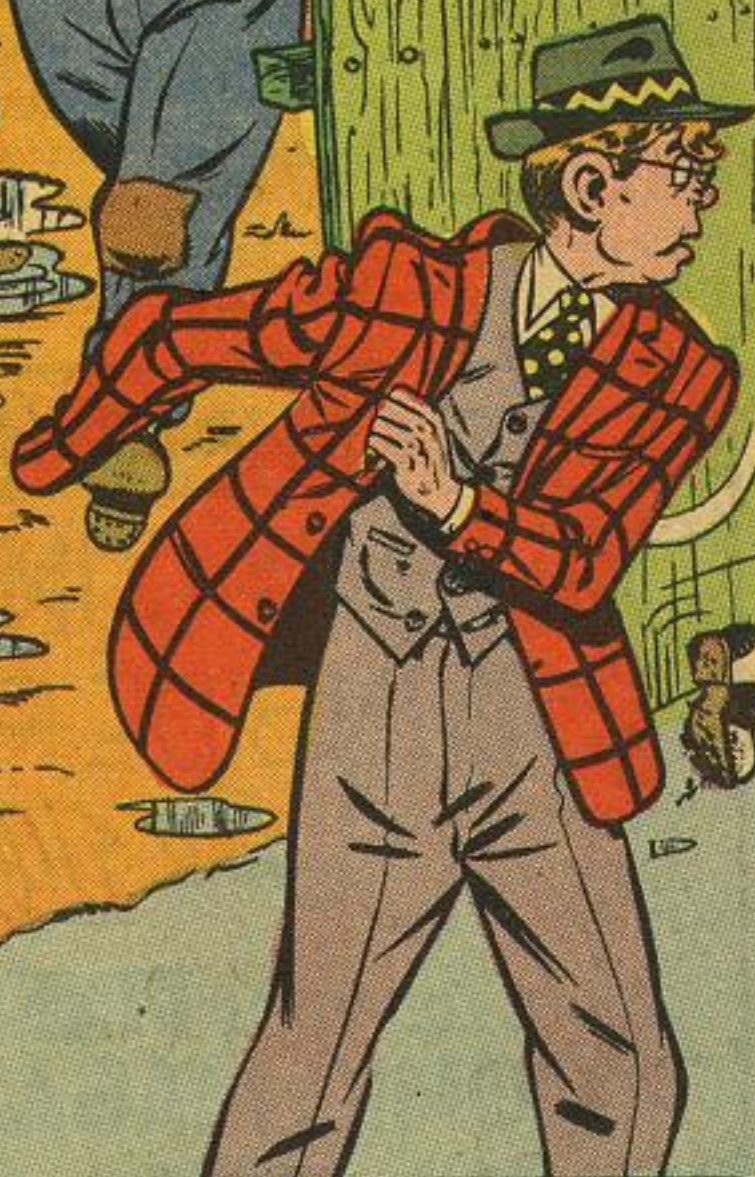
More for your **DIME** than other
COMIC MAGAZINES!

EZRA

WAW!
A GUY IN A
RED COAT
HIT ME!
HE HIT ME!
BAW!

GIVE ME
BACK MY NEW
COAT! I'M GOING
TO WEAR IT!...
WHAT'S THE MATTER
--DON'T YOU WANT
ME TO GET A
KICK OUT OF
ANYTHING?

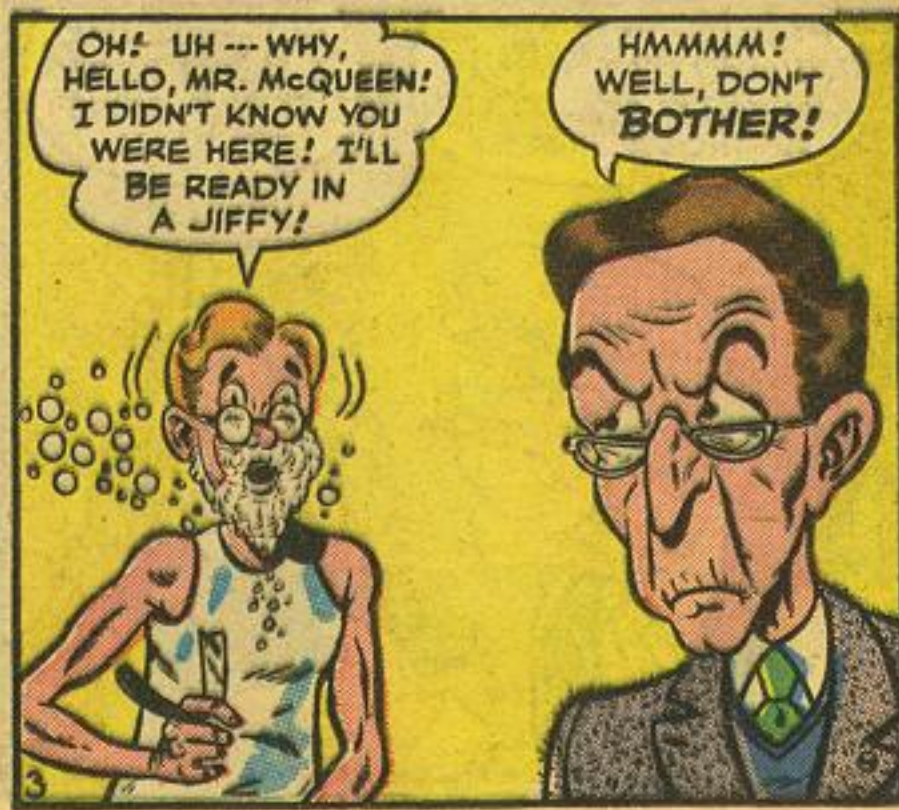
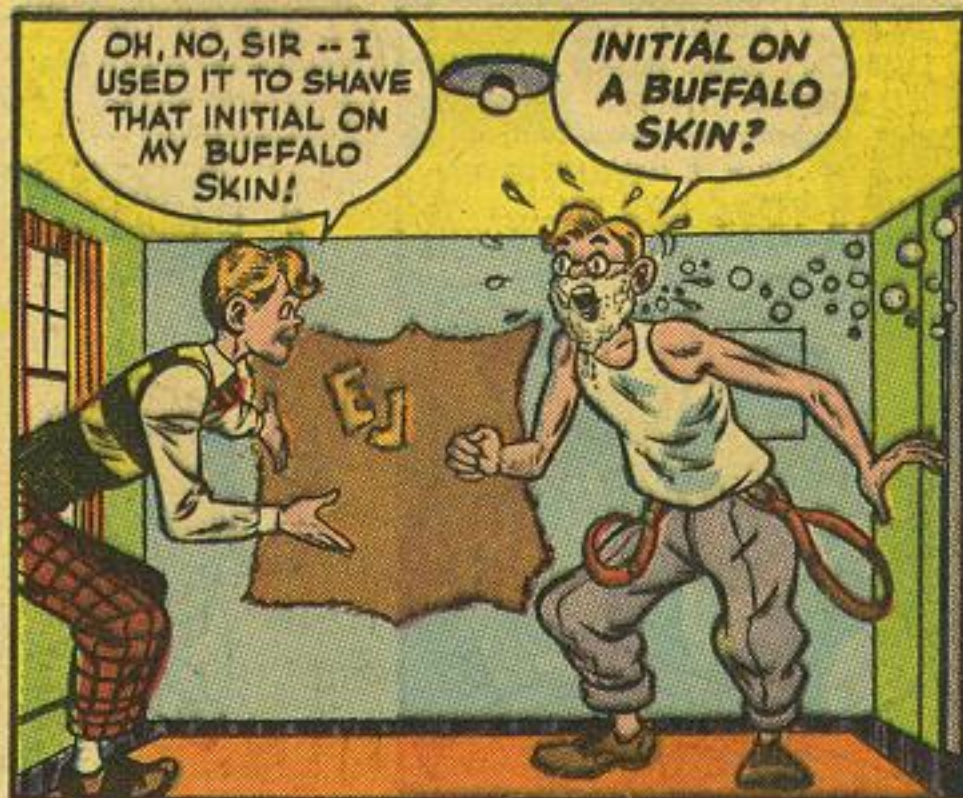
NO, SIR!
I MEAN -- YES,
SIR! OH --- NO,
SIR! G-GOSH,
DAD, JUST
REMEMBER,
HE HIT ME
FIRST!



SANDY

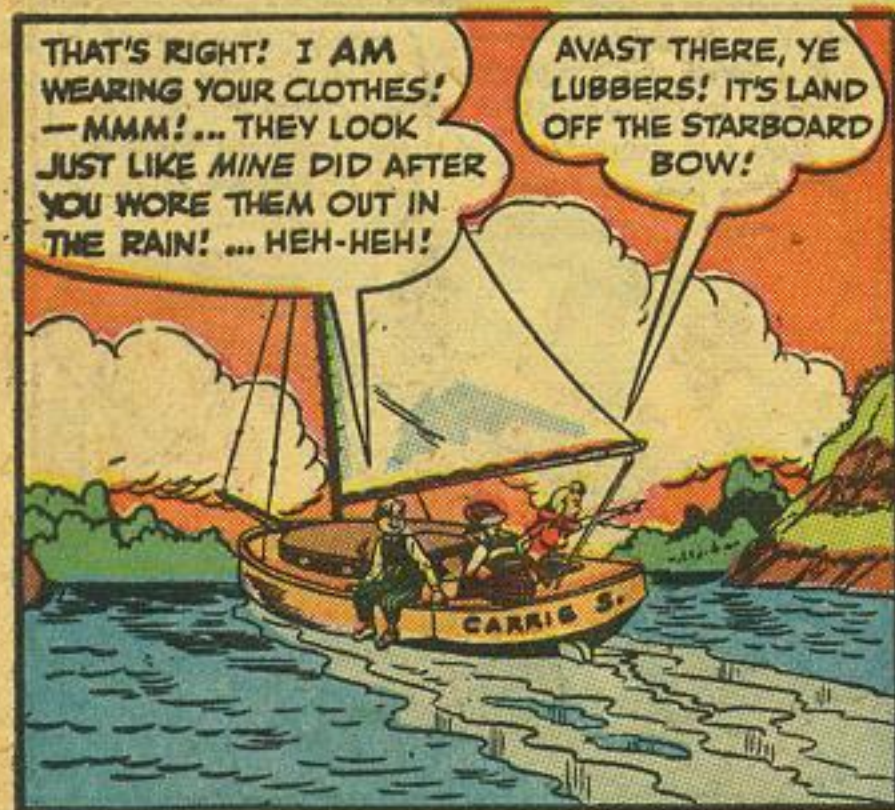
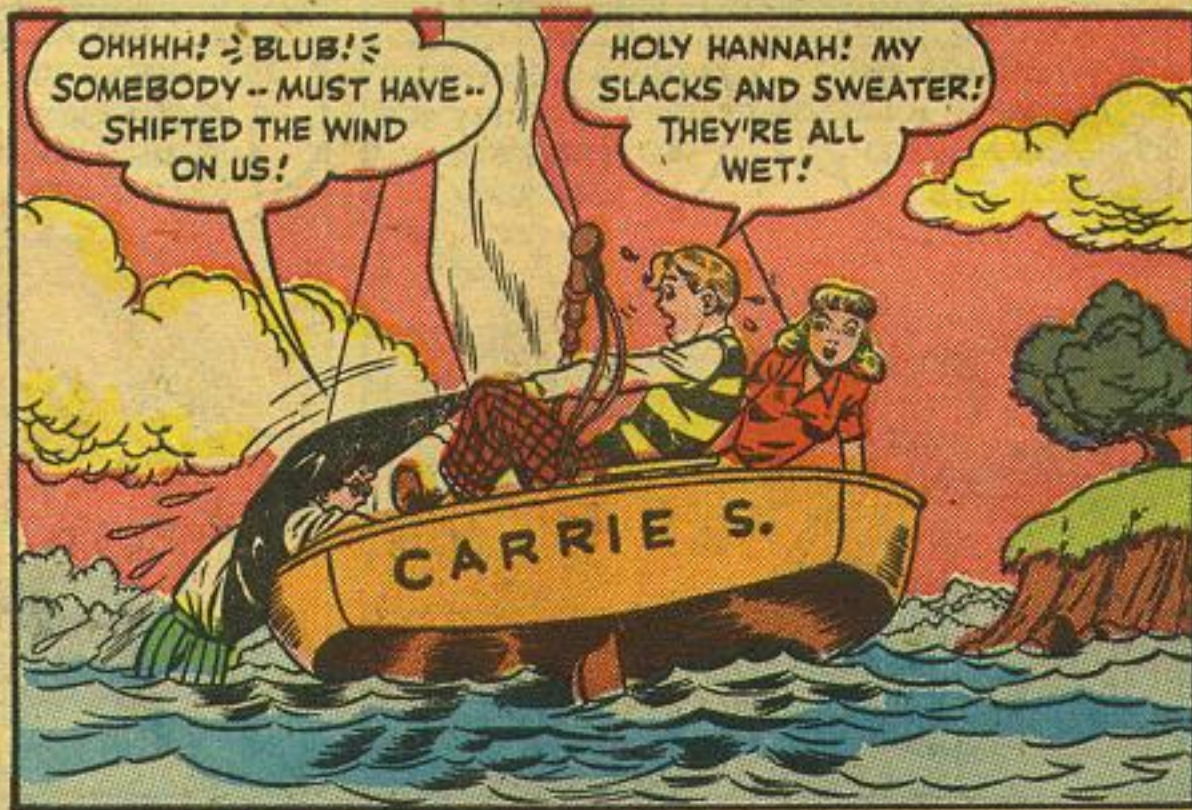
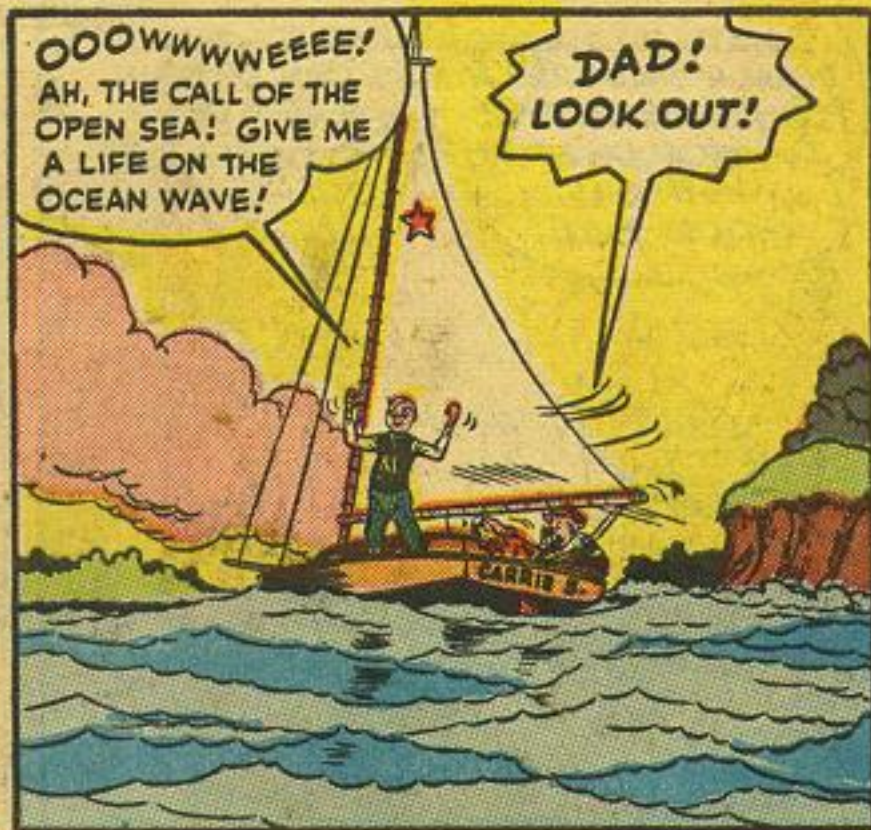
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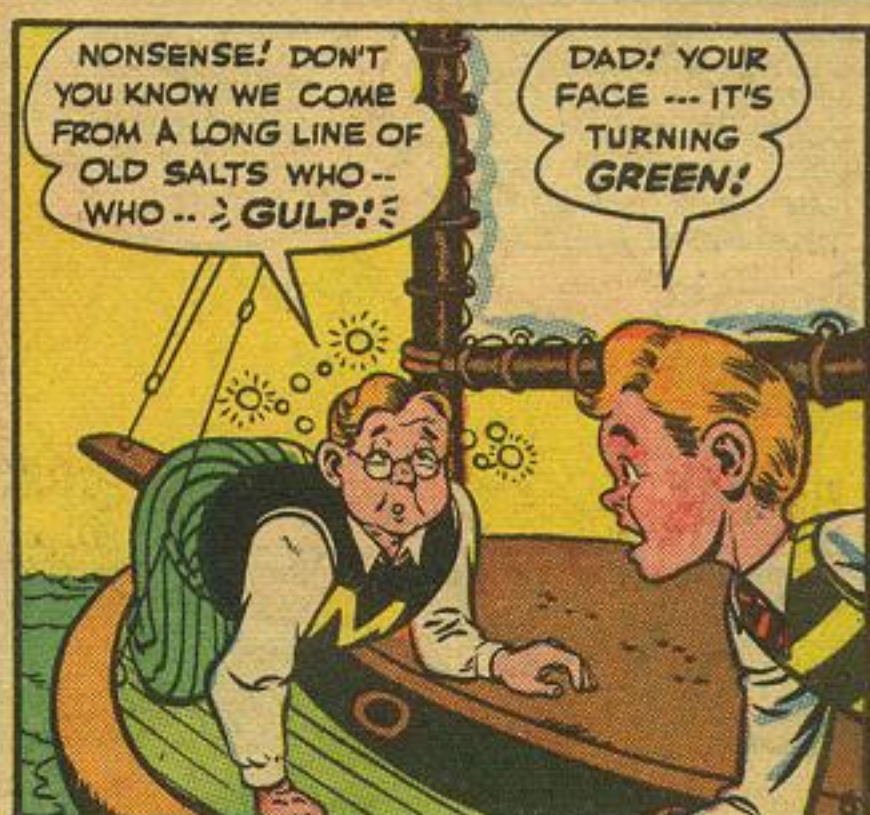
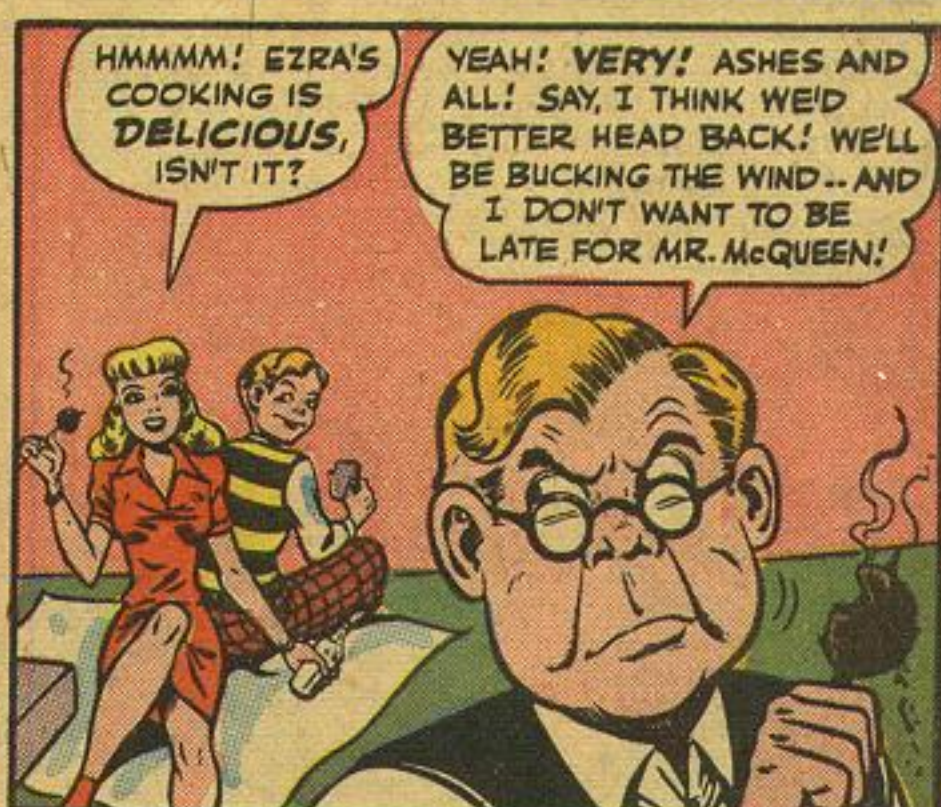


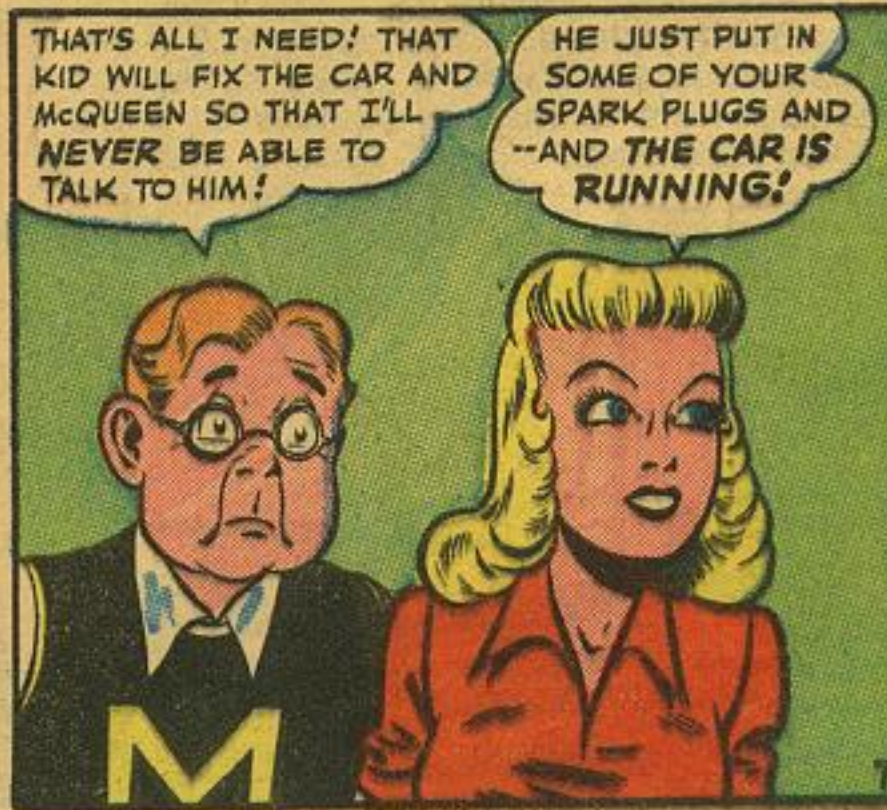
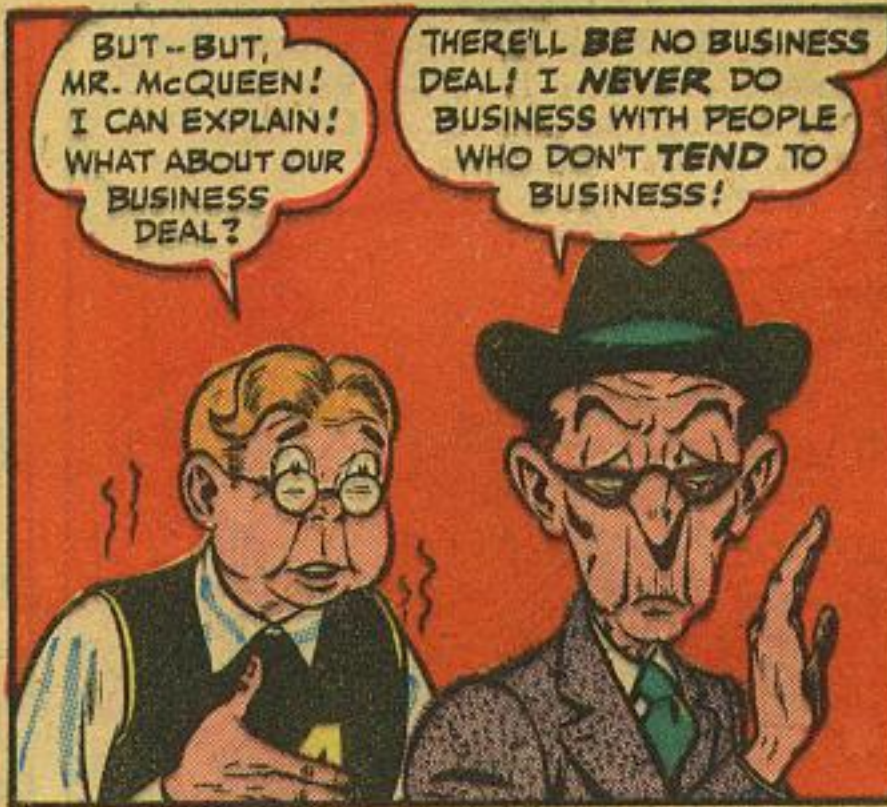
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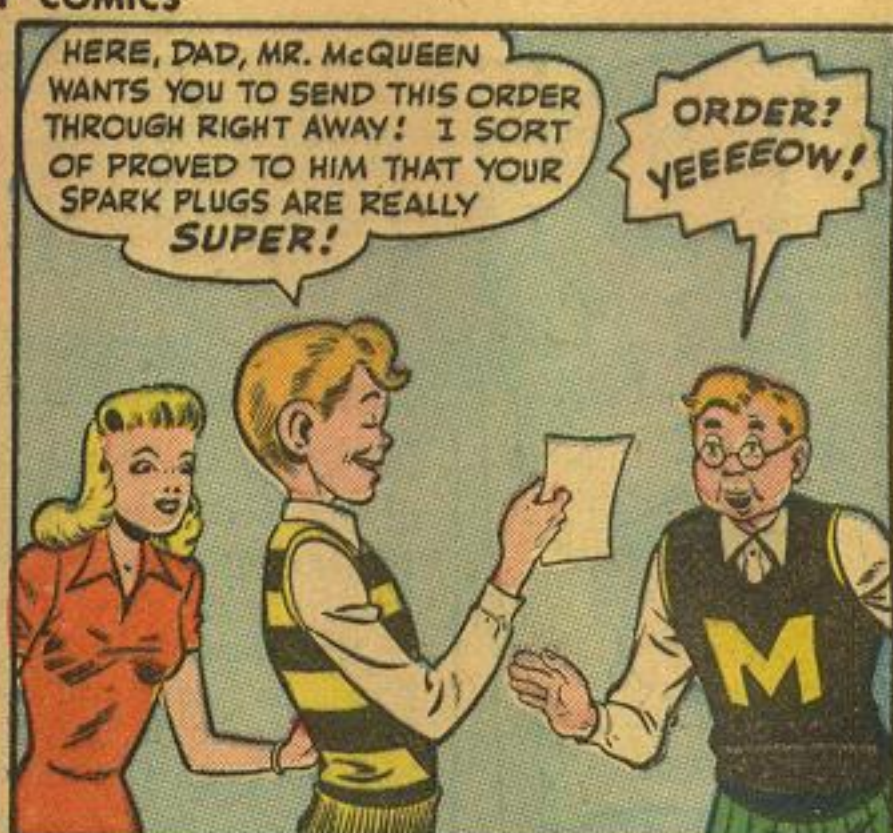




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PT BOAT



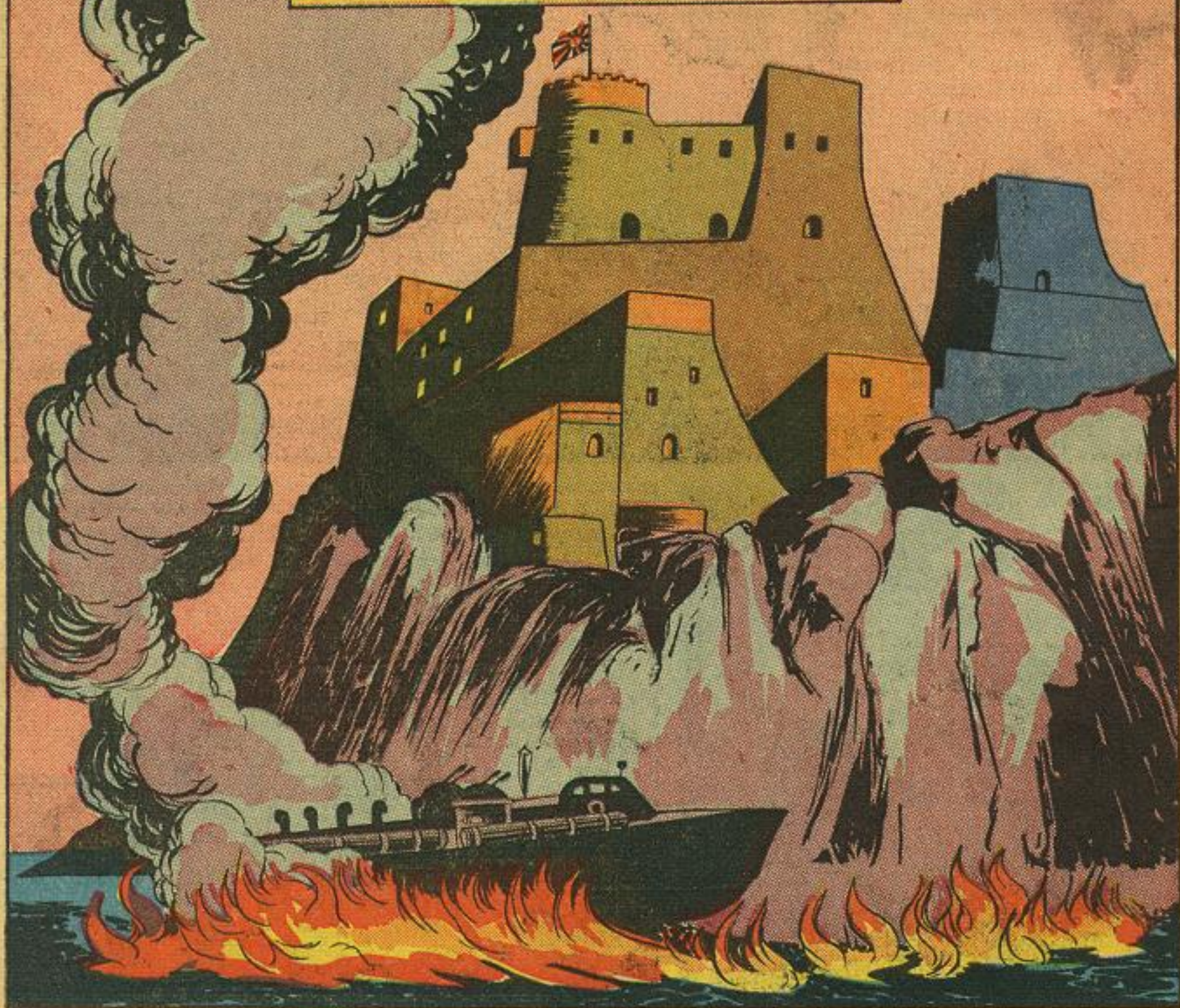
PERRY

Fujara, the mad Japanese ex-minister of war, still wages the fierce, unrelenting warfare against the U.S. Navy in the South Pacific! Holding aloft the tattered banner of the once-proud Japanese Imperial Fleet, he has made his name a symbol of terror and cruelty, a name to congeal the blood of even the bravest heart!

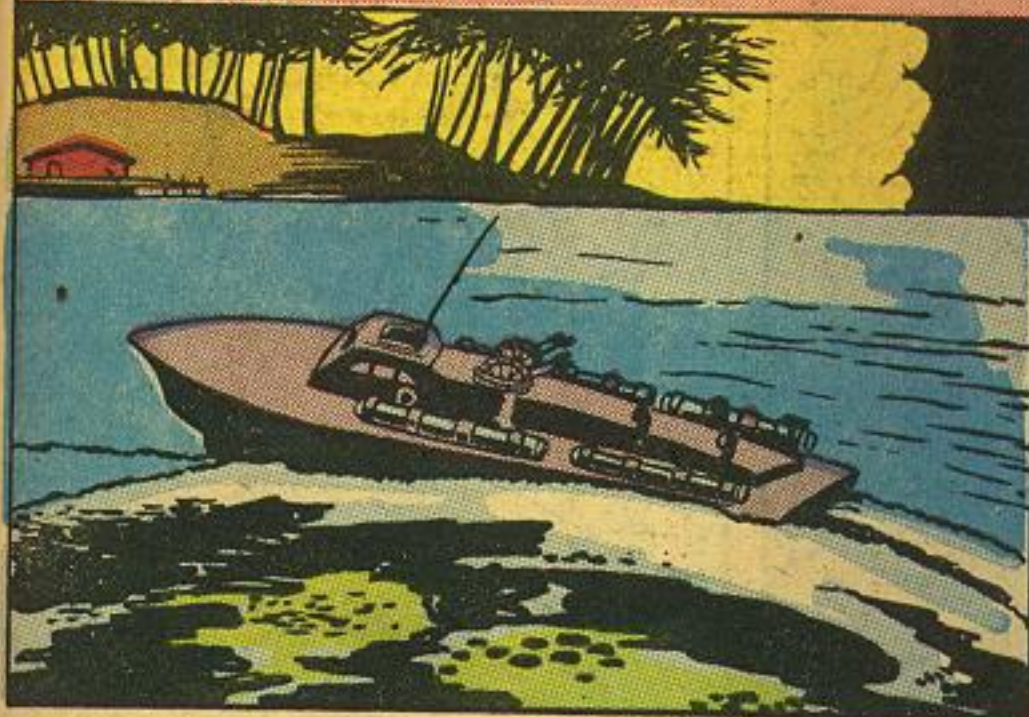
Once again the valiant PT boats roar out to do battle with Fujara's terrible Suicide Fleet! ...



PAUL



Toward the home base of MTB Squadron Six, a lone PT boat cuts an erratic path....



THAT LOOKS LIKE LIEUTENANT JENKINS' BOAT!

SOMETHING'S WRONG! IT'S OUT OF CONTROL!



HE'LL RUN INTO THE MINE FIELDS! WE'VE GOT TO STOP HIM!



NO ANSWER TO SIGNAL! PULL UP ALONGSIDE!



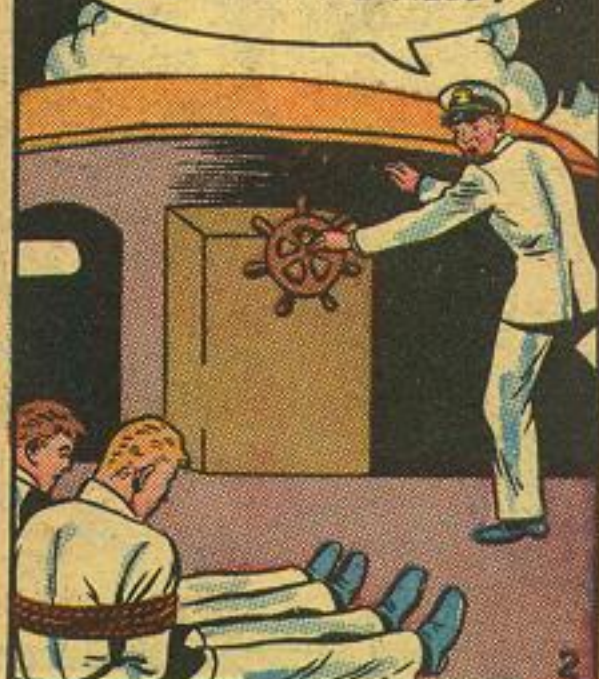
PERRY! LOOK OUT!



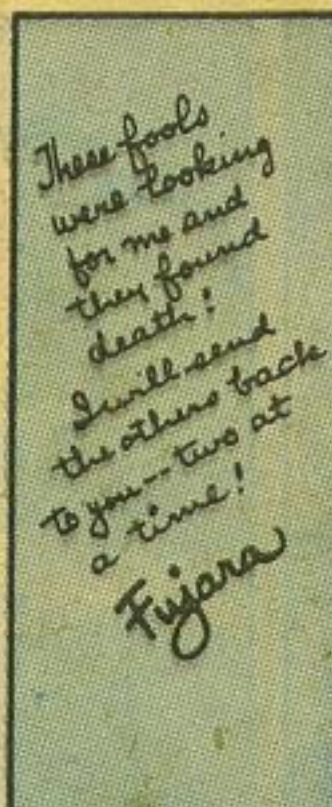
THE CRAZY FOOL! HE CAN FIGURE OUT MORE WAYS TO RISK HIS LIFE THAN ANYBODY ELSE I KNOW!

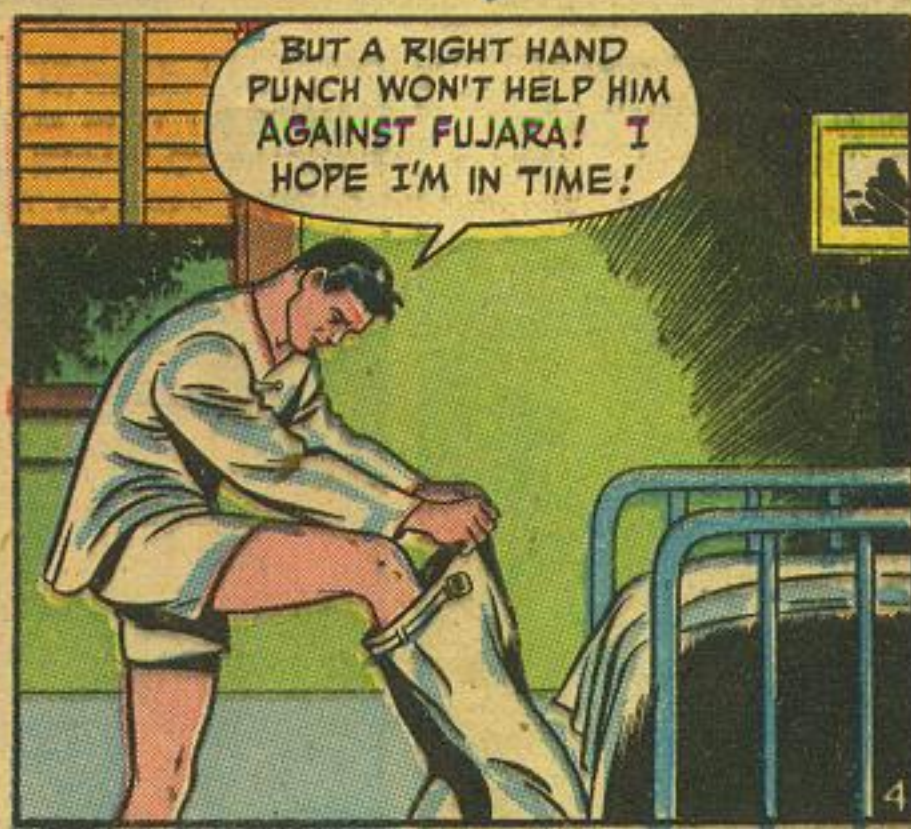


NO TIME TO WASTE! WE'RE HEADING STRAIGHT FOR THE MINE FIELD!

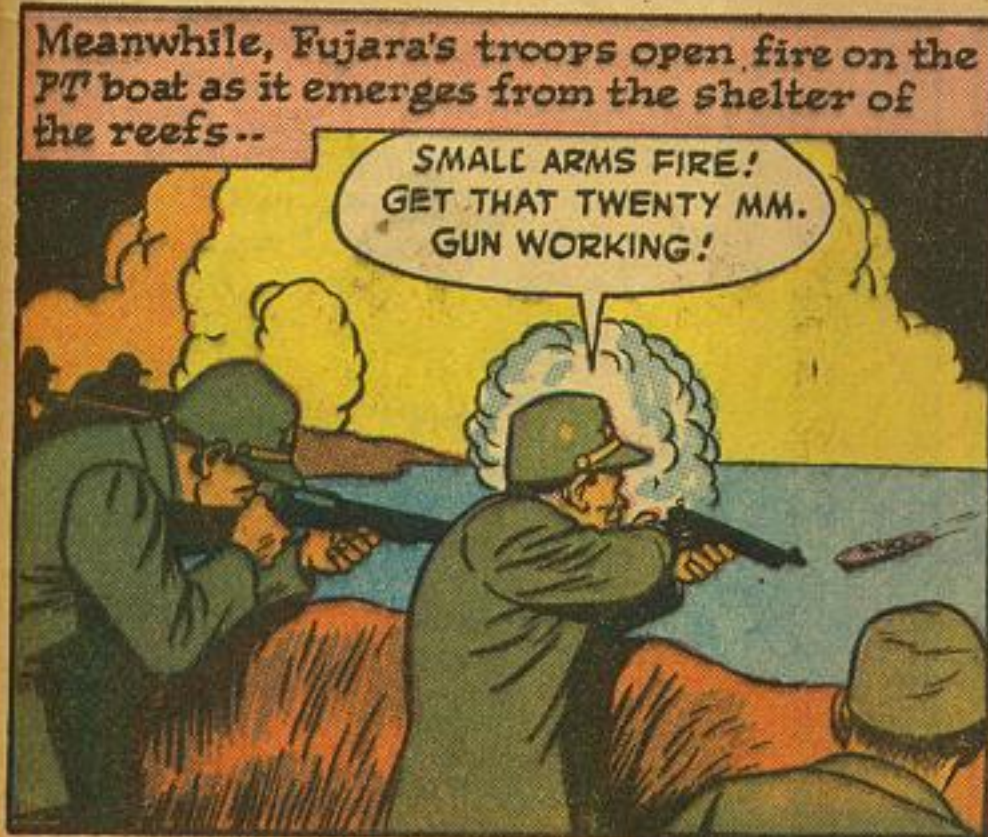


As Perry Tobias swings the wheel, the PT boat cuts the very edge of the floating mine field....









A hurricane of fire sweeps through the Japanese ranks --



As a lone figure hurls a flaming torch far out in the bay!



PERRY!
LOOK!

HOOTIN' ZOOTS!
THE WHOLE BAY'S
ON FIRE!



GASOLINE! IT
WAS SPREAD
ON THE WATER!

THEY SURE PUT
A MATCH TO IT!
HOLD ON!



Through a flaming holocaust, the
PT boat plunges at full speed --

WE'LL NEVER
MAKE IT!



Burning fiercely, the
PT boat runs aground!

GRAB
YOUR GUNS!
ABANDON
SHIP!





In the dungeon of Fujara's fortress ..



Out of the dungeon come Fujara's prisoners of war...



"Make Me Prove . . . I CAN MAKE YOU COMMANDO -TOUGH

inside and out . . . in double quick time
—OR IT WON'T COST YOU A CENT!"

says *George F. Jowett*

whom experts call the
WORLD'S GREATEST BODY BUILDER

Thousands of Jowett pupils are in the U. S. and British forces knocking Japs and Nazis slag-happy with their swift, powerful bodies. Let me prove to YOU how in double quick time I can put inches of dynamic muscles on your arms! Add inches to your chest! Broaden your shoulders! And power-pack the rest of your body—so quickly it will amaze you! My methods can give you the untiring endurance of a panther. I have done it for thousands the world over. Give me a fighting chance to do it for you.

Give me 10 Minutes a Day Learn My Time Tested Secrets of Strength

I'll teach you the "Progressive Power Method" through which I rebuilt myself from a physical wreck the doctors condemned to die at 15, to the holder of more strength records than any other living athlete or teacher! "Progressive Power" has proven its ability to build the strongest, handsomest men in the world. And I stand ready to show you on a money back basis—that no matter how flabby or puny you are I can do the same for you right in your own home. Through my proven secrets I bring to life new power in you inside and out, until YOU are fully satisfied you are the man you want to be. **MY TIME TESTED METHODS RE-BUILD YOU.**

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Send only 25c in full payment for my test course "Moulding A Mighty Arm." Try it for one night! Experience the thrilling strength that will surge through your muscles.

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A. PASSAMONT, Jowett-trained athlete who was named America's first prize-winner for Physical Perfection.

REX FERRIS, Champion Strength Athlete of South Africa. Says he, "I owe everything to Jowett's methods!" Look at this chest—then consider the value of the Jowett Courses!



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Don't let this opportunity get away from you! And don't forget—by sending the **FREE GIFT COUPON** at once you receive a **FREE** copy of the famous Jowett book, "Nerves of Steel, Muscles of Iron."

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George F. Jowett: Your proposition looks good to me. Send by return mail, prepaid, the courses checked below, for which I enclose (). Include **FREE** book of **PHOTOS**.

- | | |
|--|--|
| <input type="checkbox"/> All 5 courses for . . . \$1 | <input type="checkbox"/> Moulding Mighty Legs 25c |
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| <input type="checkbox"/> Send all 5 C.O.D. (\$1 plus postage.) No orders less than \$1 sent C.O.D. | |

NAME Age
Please Print Plainly

ADDRESS

Captain Tootsie

AND THE **HAND GRENADE**

BY C.C. BECK AND PETER COSTANZA

I'M SO UPSET, CAPT. TOOTSIE! JIMMY FOUND A HAND GRENADE AND TOOK IT WITH HIM WHEN HE WENT OUT TO PLAY WITH ROLLO OVER BY THE BROOK!

THANKS FOR LETTING ME KNOW, MRS. KELLY! THAT GRENADE MIGHT STILL BE DANGEROUS! I'LL RUSH RIGHT OVER!

OVER BY THE BROOK ROLLO AND FOUR OF HIS PALS ARE PLAYING 'WAR'!

DIG THAT FOXHOLE DEEP, FATSO! THE ENEMY IS GONNA TRY TO CROSS THE BROOK AND CAPTURE US!

TELL 'EM TO WAIT A MINUTE! THERE'S A BIG ROCK IN THE WAY HERE!

HEY, ROLLO, I'M GONNA TOSS THIS OLD HAND GRENADE FIRST AND THEN WE'RE GONNA CROSS OVER-- IF FATSO EVER GETS THAT FOXHOLE DUG!

WHY DIDJA HAVE TO LET JIMMY BE A GENERAL, KOLLO? I'M SCARED! I THOUGHT HIS MOTHER TOOK THAT GRENADE AWAY FROM HIM WHEN HE SHOWED IT TO HER!

I GUESS HE SNITCHED IT BACK WHEN SHE WASN'T LOOKING, FATSO. LOOK! HERE THEY COME!

TOSS YOUR GRENADE AT 'EM, JIMMY! THE INVASHUN'S ON!

WON'T IT EXPLODE... MEBBE... HUH, JIMMY?

NAW, THIS GRENADE ISN'T ANY GOOD ANY MORE! WATCH MY AIM!

ON! ON! JIMMY'S THROWING HIS GRENADE RIGHT AT US!

HOOTIN' ZOOTS, FATSO! YOU'RE RIGHT!

SUDDENLY A POWERFUL FIGURE CHARGES IN FRONT OF ROLLO AND FATSO AND CATCHES THE GRENADE IN MID-AIR...

CAPTAIN TOOTSIE!

DON'T EVER DO THAT AGAIN, FELLAS! TOO MANY PERSONS HAVE BEEN INJURED OR KILLED PLAYING WITH DISCARDED AMMUNITION! AND NOW YOU'D BETTER HEAD HOME, JIMMY! YOUR MOM WANTS TO SEE YOU!

CAPT. TOOTSIE IS AWARDED AN 'OAK LEAF CLUSTER' FOR GALLANTRY.

NOW, ROLLO, PASS THE TOOTSIE ROLLS! QUICK ACTION USES UP LOTS OF ENERGY!

TOOTSIE ROLLS ARE OUR FIGHTING RATIONS ALL RIGHT-- THEY'RE CHOCK FULL OF ENERGY, AND GOOD, TOO!

HERE'S A TIP!
CAPTAIN TOOTSIE AND I GET LOTS OF **EXTRA ENERGY** FROM **TOOTSIE ROLLS**.
SO CAN YOU!

• TOOTSIE ROLLS are not only delicious, but a fine food as well! They're made with milk and loads of other body-building ingredients which give you the energy you need to win. And TOOTSIE ROLLS give you energy fast! You can fairly feel the energy rush to your muscles after you pop a TOOTSIE ROLL into your mouth! Try a TOOTSIE!



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